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THE MEANING OF THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE

The Red Army has crossed the Dniester and camped on soil that was Rumanian throughout the twilight years of the half-peace between the two world wars. In itself this is a considerable military event. We have all learned during this war to think of Russia's geography in terms of her rivers. Down they sweep from the forest belt of the North and Centre to cross the black earth and the steppe in nearly parallel lines. When they bend, because they have struck some stoutly resisting obstacle of metal or rock, they still flow in a symmetrical pattern. We have measured the slow German retreat by the rivers it left behind it. It was Volga, Don and Dnieper, but now the Russian vanguards are over the Bug and the Dniester also.

There are certain questions which we ask ourselves daily as we study the map, and we may be sure that Rumanians are facing them also, but with an anxiety keener even than our hopes. Can the army isolated in the Crimea, much of it Rumanian, be evacuated by sea and air before it is finally trapped? Will von Kleist, deprived of his railway communications with the North, retreat eventually into Rumania with any considerable part of his forces intact? The Germans, still fighting well and holding on to such "hedgehog" positions as Tarnopol, are, however, withdrawing in all likelihood to some such line as Riga - Brest - Litovsk - the Carpathians - the Pruth. Some belt of alien territory, Lithuanian, Polish, and Hungarian, they will wish to defend in depth as a buffer that protects their own homeland. Rumania is its southern prolongation, doubly valuable as a source of oil and food.

Here the military problem turns to political drama. How much longer will the Rumanians stay passive? So long as any German force remains in their country is it likely that they will seek a separate peace? We do not doubt that the upper and middle classes are in the grip of fear, if not of panic. They entered the war as a satellite State with great expectations. They were offered big and valuable stretches of Russian territory, and these they actually occupied. Under the joint influence of greed and their German instructors, their army, which formerly had no very enviable reputation, fought surprisingly well round Odessa and in the Crimea. But it suffered cruel losses in the process. When once the more intelligent of its officers reach the conviction that their German masters cannot win this war, they have the best of reasons for hurrying out of it. To lose more of their young manhood with no hope of gain is a prospect better men would find unendurable. What they dread most of all, however, is a period of confusion, in which "Red" ideas and Russian influences might sweep the country and submerge the propertied classes, who are not widely beloved.

This fear may explain why it was a wealthy aristocrat, Prince Stirbey, was sent first to Ankara and then to Cairo, to fish for a separate peace, not in Russian but in Anglo-American waters. The clumsy device cannot succeed, for in spite of the guarantee Lord Halifax so rashly gave, without the participation of Moscow, first to Poland and then to Rumania, in these countries Soviet influence must predominate.

The victories of the Red Army are much more than a military event. They mark a new era in the politics of South-Eastern Europe. During two generations the somewhat shoddy ruling class of Rumania has looked to the West. It borrowed its royal house from Berlin, while it went to Paris for capital and culture. Its Latin language made these sympathies plausible, but the decisive factor was the investment first of French and latterly of British and American capital in the oil-field. The nightmare that haunted the land-owning magnates was latterly the spread to their peasantry of Bolshevik ideas. Whether they leaned on Paris, London or Berlin was a matter chiefly of tactical calculation. What they wished above all else to avoid was the penetration of Russian influence. To-day, though they may still attempt their last minute intrigues, the matter is settled. It is with Russia that the Rumanians will have to come to terms. It will be a Russian and not an Anglo-American army that will occupy their country. It might have happened otherwise had Turkey decided to come into the war.

It would be too much to hope that at the last minute the Rumanians should prove themselves capable of any independent action. In no other country of South-Eastern Europe is the level of civil courage and political integrity so low. Maniu, the leader of the peasants' party, is generally respected, but he is over seventy and has shown in recent years little initiative. The nominally "liberal" Bratianu brothers belong too obviously to the old order. In contrast with Bulgaria, there has been in Rumania no underground movement of resistance. For any new departure we incline to look to Communist leadership, which may succeed in getting together some more or less plausible coalition of groups, with some right to call themselves democratic. With Russian help they may establish themselves. Their future will then depend on their ability to lift the impoverished peasantry out of its economic misery. The problem is similar, but much less difficult, in Bulgaria where a large part of the army and people sympathise with the U.S.S.R. Bulgaria is not at war with Russia and Communist influence over peasants and workers is strong; resistance to the Nazis may therefore be much stiffer.

Even more dramatic is the situation in Hungary. Hitler has brought this satellite country under a species of military occupation, while its leaders, both soldiers and politicians, were his guests at his headquarters. He has now set up a quisling government of Hungarian politicians, some of whom have already been very active in aiding the Germans during the war. The essential fact is that the Nazis have taken over the defence of Hungary for strategic reasons. This will presumably swing Hungarian feeling in all classes sharply against the Nazis. But here, as in Rumania, it is the class issue that has to be faced. Here also it is the Red Army that will carry out the liberation of this satellite State. How easily and how happily Hungary can be fitted into the pattern of Eastern Europe which the Russians will shape depends on the emergence of an effective Opposition, which will have to build an underground organisation, perhaps with Tito's help. When it does move in earnest it will have to break the most firmly entrenched feudal aristocracy in Europe, by taking over its great estates. That issue is being settled as the Red Army crosses the Dniester and faces the Carpathian barrier.

Yugoslavs : Married and Divorced

The emigré Yugoslav Government has never been lacking in ingenuity. After a singularly unsuccessful sojourn in Cairo, it has returned to London, not, as might be supposed after Mr. Churchill had exploded any pretence it might have to represent the Yugoslav people, to bury its dead, but to marry its King. Its return coincides with a new attempt to save something of the old reactionary regime from the wreck. Not only have liaison officers from General Mihailovitch arrived in this country, but there are reports that a change in the Cabinet is imminent. Prime Minister Puritch has taken up the impossible position of suggesting that if he disowns Mihailovitch, the worthy General will immediately form a Serb administration in Yugoslavia with the quisling Nedic and with German support. Since Mihailovitch is the only leader connected with the King, to lose him would be to lose any claim that the King still has to represent his countrymen. But what use would it be to exchange Puritch with General Simovitch or some other less compromised figure ? The emigrés would remain divorced from Marshal Tito's struggle for the liberation of Yugoslavia. In any case, without a clean sweep of the diplomatic service even a well-intentioned Cabinet could do very little. Meanwhile, Marshal Tito has foreseen that the struggle for recognition is by no means won. He has requested Mr. Bicanic, the Vice-President of the Royal Yugoslav Bank, to take steps to ensure that Yugoslav State assets in London and Washington are frozen and their use denied to the emigré Government. This money has been used on a lavish scale for propaganda boosting Mihailovitch and bitterly attacking the partisans. It is time the Allies realised the size of the gulf between the old regime and the real interests of Yugoslavia.

De Gaulle and French Democracy

General de Gaulle's address to the Consultative Assembly was less dramatic than had been expected. He spoke with some reserve, more than once hinting at internal and inter-Allied disputes which could not tactfully be discussed. Apart from his vigorous assertion of the sovereign status of a new democratic France and his denunciation of trusts and monopolies " which would compromise in advance the reform of economic and social structure," the most interesting part of his speech was that dealing with the administration of liberated territory. Clearly there is considerable uneasiness in Algiers about Allied, and especially American, intentions. Mr. Hull's denial this week that there can be any question of American support for a Vichy regime should dispel some of the General's anxiety, but the French are still troubled about Mr. Roosevelt's formula for American relations with the resistance movement. According to this, General Eisenhower is to be left free to deal separately with any patriotic groups or leaders who may refuse to recognise de Gaulle. The dangers of this situation are immediately apparent. Here Frenchmen at once discern an ideal weapon of provocation and disruption. Nothing could be more easy than to produce mysterious prefabricated " resistance " leaders of the most dubious sort. It is an extraordinary step to take when, whatever its weaknesses, the National Committee is supported by every genuine and reputable section of the resistance. In the light of the previous record of American dealings with the Liberation Committee, General de Gaulle's suspicions are natural. It is a pity, therefore, with another crisis in his relations with the Allies in the offing, that the General has not been able to set his own house in order. The Communists still refuse to participate in his administration unless they are allowed to nominate their own representatives. And the purge, apparently, has raised more difficulties than it has solved. No one denies that in Algiers there is the nucleus of the Fourth Republic ; but it looks as though its birth-pangs are to be long and arduous.

I.L.O. and the Colonies

When the I.L.O. Conference meets in Philadelphia next month, one of the main items on the agenda will be the Colonies. The Office has prepared a recommendation which the forty or more assembled nations are to be asked to accept. It is a most far-reaching and comprehensive recommendation, and if such a statement of principle could receive the blessing of an international gathering, a charter of colonial rights will have been declared. The nations are asked to approve minimum standards as regards labour conditions—and to accept principles of land policy (" the alienation of land to immigrants shall be permitted only in exceptional circumstances "); social security (care for the sick and aged, workmen's compensation, nutrition, housing); the complete prohibition of colour and religious bars ; and the encouragement of free association in industrial and co-operative organisations. The wages of workers and the need to establish minimum wages where there is no collective bargaining, are fully dealt with, and, equally important, it is proposed that peasant producers should receive adequate income from exported products. In addition to these minimum standards which colonial Powers are asked to adopt in their own territories, certain international measures are asked for as well—such as the creation of international development funds to supply capital to the Colonies and for an international control of trade to ensure that primary producers may achieve a reasonable standard of living. Here is an international body of principles governing the welfare of colonial peoples on which public opinion here and in the Colonies may increasingly insist.

If Not Uthwatt, What Then ?

Mr. Willink's little plan to build 300,000 houses in two years after the war led to a debate which turned much more on planning, or rather on the absence of it, than on housing. Critic after critic got up to point out that no reasonable housing policy is possible until certain major decisions have been taken about planning—above all, the decision about the ownership and control of land. It is now perfectly clear that the Government regards the Uthwatt Report as dead, and will not accept the proposal to acquire all " development rights'" in unbuilt land. Very well. If that is not to be the policy, we must have an alternative. The Uthwatt Committee made it quite clear that the purpose of the scheme was to avoid the issue of land nationalisation. If the scheme is rejected, that issue cannot be avoided any longer ; for there is no other way of giving the State the control of land which is indispensable on the formulation of a positive planning policy. To be sure, the Government promised such a policy three years ago, and promised two years ago that local authorities should be given power to buy reconstruction areas as a whole. But the promise has never been translated into a programme ; and local authorities, in making the plans which the Government have called on them to make, have still to act under the old conditions about compensation, although everyone agrees that these are so deterrent as to be fatal to effective planning.

School-leaving Age

Mr. Butler shocked the Commons by his refusal to insert in his Education Bill any clause defining the date when the school-leaving age will be raised to sixteen. The older generation has not forgotten how little we gained by undated pledges after the last war to raise it to fifteen. The point of naming a date is that until the Board knows definitely that education is to be organised so that all may receive a secondary education from 11+, the provision of schools and teachers for the new secondary education will never be made. Was it really too rash to require that the change must take effect by 1955 ? Our own strong belief is that we can get as many good teachers as we need, as soon as we make up our minds to raise their salaries and their social status. It might be a good plan to confer knighthood on several headmasters of elementary schools. What has been achieved by a generation in Scotland might well serve us as a model. In that intelligent land all the teachers in elementary schools are graduates. After leaving the university they spend six months in studying educational methods.

The Coal Mines—What Now ?

If the Government had offered the miners what it is now offering only a fortnight sooner, there would have been no strikes in the mining areas and the miners would have been in a better mood than they have been in for a long time past. It is nearly incomprehensible that any responsible person can have been so foolish as to try to impose an award which meant bringing the skilled time-worker to a flat equality with the labourer, abolishing the concessions won over generations in respect of special rates for work in water and so on, and depriving thousands of piece-workers of incentive to output. Yet this is what the Ministry of Fuel did apparently suppose when they vetoed the negotiations between the miners and the owners for adjustments consequent on the concession of the Porter minimum wage. The blame does not rest with Lord Justice Porter : it was none of his doing. It lies between the Ministry of Fuel and the Treasury—unless, indeed, the real villain of the piece is still higher up. Whoever was the final villain, the Ministry of Fuel showed yet again its ineptitude and weakness—qualities which it has been displaying continuously ever since it emerged from its chrysalis form at the Board of Trade. Now that the strike is over, are we to allow the old policy of letting matters slide to be resumed until the next crisis arrives ; or will the Government at last make up its mind to clean up this most disastrous of all the muddles of the home front ?

PARLIAMENT : No date fixed

Wednesday, noon.

ALMOST every M.P. pays at least lip-service to the raising of the school-leaving age to 16. An amendment by Mrs. Cazalet Keir, suggesting with great moderation a method of fixing the date of this reform, excited one of the liveliest debates so far heard on the Education Bill. Mrs. Keir's speech was commendably short. There was all-party support for her ; but Professor Gruffydd and Kenneth Lindsay both took the unpopular " realistic " line in support of the Government. Gruffydd said that children in overcrowded, understaffed schools simply wasted their time : " it was pathetic to see them fumbling their way without guidance through tattered old class-books. . . . It would have been better for them if they had entered into some decent occupation." Lady Astor was loudly cheered by Labour Members when she said : " If my boy had either to go into a blind-alley job or to hang about in schools, I would rather see him hanging around in the school." This is the liberal, human side of Lady Astor's somewhat incalculable nature : her only serious set-to on this occasion was with the resolutely cynical Sir Herbert Williams. Cove made the most fluent and moving speech of the day, recalling the " labour exam " that he had to take, as a miner's child, at the age of 12 : " if you had brains enough to pass it, you went down the pit ; if you failed, you stayed in school." Sir Thomas Moore warned Members against " hitching your wagon to a star which it will be impossible, for some time, to reach " ; wagons, he implied, were better stuck in the mud. The division caused intense excitement : 172 Members decided to be hard-faced with Sir Herbert Williams and the Government, 137 to be starry-eyed with Lady Astor.

There was a trifling debate on the name of the Young People's Colleges ; Butler offered a prize to anyone who could devise a better name before the Report stage. Sir H. Webbe said that " Young People's " was a " patronising, sanctimonious, detestable " phrase ; Pickthorn, characteristically, said that these institutions would have no right to call themselves colleges: "one of our favourite ways of making things better is by baptising them with the name of something which is supposed to be slightly superior and at the same time laying our hands on our hearts and saying 'Of course, the real evil is snobbery.'" Pickthorn can be counted on to be sour, but witty.

Common Wealth coaxed only four Members into the No lobby (against 216) in an ill-advised division following a mistimed sweeping challenge to private education.

Except for the testy, throaty Dr. Russell Thomas and a few others, the House generally approved the White Paper on Health. Eyebrows were raised when the aged Sir E. Graham-Little began to quote something which Dr. Edith Summerskill, leaping up to protest, recognised as a deathbed statement made by her recently deceased father to his doctor, who had apparently passed it on to Graham-Little. Haden Guest also intervened stormily to frustrate this evident breach of etiquette and taste. None the less, Graham-Little was able to make his propaganda point against public hospitals: the quotation appears complete in Hansard (which often has to rely on Members' good will in supplying the deficiencies of the acoustics).

At question-time Eden was even more outspoken than last week on recent relations with the Soviet Union. The British and Americans had been "alone parties" to the policy of keeping Badoglio in office until after the capture of Rome; the Russians had not consulted us before recognising Badoglio diplomatically. Some Members felt that the former exclusiveness might be the explanation of the latter—that the Russians, with ponderous practical irony which they sometimes indulge, were saying, in effect, "O.K., if you like Badoglio so much but don't let us in on it, *we'll* go ahead and *recognise* him." Eden had a different interpretation.

Donald Scott, a quiet, pleasant Tory from Northumberland, complained that 30*s*. a small bunch was being charged for asparagus. Members shouted "Why buy it?" Lady Astor complained about "illustrated publications of the nude . . . sold in shops frequented mainly by men who are not students"; John Dugdale suggested that a few such nudes should be Laid on the Table of the House.

PONTIFEX MINOR

WHO OPPOSES HITLER IN HUNGARY?

IT is too soon as yet to say whether Horthy went to Hitler to ask for "protection" as the best means of ultimately salvaging his own position, or whether his presence at Headquarters was requested, like that of so many quislings before him, so that he could be confronted with the usual *fait accompli*. The question becomes irrelevant when set in the proper context of the aims and intentions of the Horthy clique, which brought Hungary into the war in no cause but its own, which profited materially from participation on Germany's side, and which subsequently directed all its energies towards preserving, after Germany's defeat, what it had gained with Germany's aid. The repeated denials that Hungarian troops were still engaged on the Eastern front; the overnight renunciation of the Duce in favour of Badoglio as Hungary's "friend of long standing"; the frantic clutching at the straw of the Finnish armistice terms; and the intensified drive to convince people both in and outside Hungary of the "democratic" basis of the Hungarian way of life—these were not signs of a genuine shift of allegiance from the Axis to the United Nations, but merely steps in the process of readjusting to a changing situation an essentially unchanged policy of saving the foundations of a reactionary regime.

Against this background the present occupation may be seen as just one more change in the situation, and one to which a final readjustment might in many ways prove more easy than before. In its past manœuvres the Kállay Government was assisted both by the internal political situation (which indeed it had largely engineered for that purpose) and by the attitude which it had been led to believe was held in the country towards Hungary's part in this war. By conniving at, or directly encouraging, the growth of two mutually antagonistic opposition groups—the Left, consisting of the Social-Democratic and Independent Smallholder Parties and progressive intellectuals, and the extreme Right of the National-Socialists (the pro-German supporters of Imrédy and the remnants of the Magyar-nationalist Arrow Cross)—the Government had been in a position to welcome the charges of half-hearted support for Germany's war effort constantly made in the extreme Right Wing newspapers and to exploit them to the extent of promoting their publication under the convenient cover of the neutral press. It was also able to set off these attacks by permitting and amplifying (for Allied ears) the vocal exercises of the Opposition which, as far as positive action was concerned, it felt quite capable of keeping in hand. Nor need this Government, being merely the trustee of a regime whose only programme is self-preservation, have felt any inhibitions about shifting to the Right or to the Left, even to the extent of absorbing certain leaders of either opposition, as the situation might demand; and in fact the slogan which was reiterated with increasing frequency: "There must not be another 1918," meant simply that this time, whoever won the war, the "system" would be ready to deal with the resulting situation, having kept intact its army to fight the external enemy (Hungary's immediate neighbours, parts of whose territory she had seized), and its police organisation to fight the enemy within (the real revolutionary forces behind the mild Leftist manifestations which were for the present being encouraged).

Indeed, as much was said or implied in every Ministerial speech. A Right Wing Catholic paper wrote that Hungarian revisionism, which achieved some of its aims by "peaceful methods" through the good offices of Ribbentrop and Ciano in awarding Czechoslovak, Yugoslav and Rumanian territories to Horthy's kingdom, had been "in agreement with British and American ideas." It is significant that this argument should be thought opportune at that stage of a war in which two of the victims of Hungarian revisionism are members of the United Nations. It is true that as regards the territories acquired in return for assisting the German conquest of Yugoslavia, there had been grave misgivings in Budapest. This was shown by the recent attempts to cash in on the trial of war criminals by announcing proceedings against the officers held responsible for the atrocities committed against Serbs in Novi Sad. The scapegoats seem indeed to have had little difficulty in escaping to Germany; but even supposing the intention to have been genuine, it still did not indicate a change of heart, but only the realisation that in this particular act of aggression the *method* was at fault. The *principle* was still upheld: the frontiers will be defended at all costs, as Kállay said in his speech of February 20th; and he meant the *frontiers*, not the country—as the latest events have made clear.

This belief in British and American support for any régime which could "maintain order" (regardless of what kind of "order") not only sustained the Government in its double-faced policy, but also inhibited the Left opposition from taking a more positive line. Official Left Wing spokesmen are driven to insist that theirs was also a policy of maintaining order, while at the same time they were proclaiming a programme of radical social change which could never be carried through without the disappearance of the existing regime—an event which was unlikely to occur without some quite considerable upheaval. This self-contradictory attitude was exposed in a recent article by one of the younger Social-Democrats, who wrote: "The present social conflicts cannot be solved on the basis of the present social order. But what cannot be solved on the basis of the present social order can very well be solved in a new social order."

There had indeed been of late a notable change of attitude on the part of even the "legal opposition" of the Left towards the October Revolution of 1918. The tendency previously had been either to take the line of the Smallholders, and disclaim any kinship with the forces of that Revolution, or, like the Social-Democrats, to avoid getting involved in the question. Now not only did the Social-Democrats begin openly stating that they had always stood for the "October Democracy," but even some spokesmen of the Conservative Liberal middle classes found an appreciative word to say for the "October spirit," for instance, on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the poet of the Revolution, Endre Ady. It is worth noting that this change followed closely after Reuter had put out a New Year message from Count Michael Károlyi, President of the 1918 Republic, warning the Left against the dangers of shilly-shallying, and calling upon the Hungarian people to act. That this was not coincidence was clear from the very warm tributes paid by the Left Wing press to the memory of László Fényes, a well-known figure of the Revolution who died recently in America. And more recently still comes a report of the publication of a book of writings and posthumous papers of the priest, János Hock, who was president of the revolutionary National Council in 1918, and was later imprisoned under the Horthy regime.

Here is evidence to show that in spite of twenty years of exile and denigration, the name of Károlyi is an effective focus for rallying certain potentially active forces of opposition inside Hungary. This opposition will now, under German occupation, be forced to go underground. There are some who argue that it would have been better to have gone underground twenty years ago rather than maintain a precarious existence by compounding with the regime. However that may be, it will still look abroad for moral support and indeed more than ever for a positive lead. We note with satisfaction the relaxation of a long-imposed ban on the use of Count Károli's name. The B.B.C. actually mentioned both his New Year message and his recent appeal on Hungarian Independence Day (March 15th).

But if these remain isolated instances they can only discourage instead of heartening the opposition in Hungary. There are many fundamental omissions in our propaganda to Hungary which must now be made good. Thus, for instance, the courage which inspired those tributes to László Fényes received no recognition from the B.B.C., though their authors were attacked by the press of those pro-German groups which will now acclaim the invader. There has never been a word of sympathy for the many Hungarians who are already in prison for "subversive" or "Communist" activities. The occupation will make it easier than ever for the Hungarian gentry to profess to be "anti-German" and "non-Fascist." It will also make it harder for the progressive elements to make themselves heard. The time has come for a clear call for resistance on the same scale as in other occupied countries, not only against the German occupying forces, but also against the corrupt and shortsighted leaders who have let them into Hungary. And that will require a final renunciation of Horthy and the whole reactionary system which he represents; for to make any distinction now between that system and any other quisling regime in the occupied countries would do irreparable harm to the cause of liberation in Europe.

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SOLDIERS AND TECHNICIANS

[Former letters from the Editor to a young soldier on active service appeared in this journal February 19 and March 4.]

DEAR JACK,

It was grand seeing you home, looking so fit. Turning our conversation over in my mind I found two remarks standing out; they clicked into a pattern with a lot of other things I wanted to discuss with you. First, talking of Soviet victories you said you wished there was some way of getting to know Russians as people; it had made all the difference to working with the U.S. Army that you had had previous friendships with Americans and knew you could get on with them. Surely, you said, the same thing could be done with the Russians, in spite of the language difficulty. Treaties of Alliance and public talk about solidarity struck you as phoney unless the people of the two countries knew each other. And when I said that a Labour Party delegation was going to Moscow partly to discuss such things and that there were projects for University exchanges and translations of books and newspapers, you said: "Fine, but what I want to know is what happens if the Russians occupy part of Germany and we are in the West and we never meet except through official channels? That won't be so good, will it?"

That was the first remark. The second was this. The men are all keyed up for the invasion, which they assume will happen in time to give the British Army a share in victory. Naturally at this moment they have no time for ABCA classes and discussion of long-distance issues that interested them in the winters of waiting. "Our one thought," you said, "is to get this show over quickly. We are all saying: 'If we are not brown-bread after this, we'll soon be back in civvy street.' Reconstruction—for the moment—means rebuilding our own homes. Of course that won't last, and lots of us know that we shall have to occupy Germany and that 'reconstruction' must mean England as well as home, and Europe as well as England." And then you added this: "Why can't the Army as such do a job after the war? We can do all sorts of technical jobs, needing discipline and team-work. We are trained technicians, not only fighting men. The thing the soldiers will not stand in Germany, England or anywhere else is sitting round on their Khybers." (Strange thing this rhyming slang. It gets difficult when it's as much clipped as this. I suppose a private language is meant to be obscure to outsiders; it can scarcely be modesty that makes you omit the "pass" after Khyber?)

Of course you are right. Diplomatic compacts do not take the place of common work and the habit of friendship. We are fighting the same enemy as the Russians now, but we are not fighting the same war. We shall be parties to the same Armistice, but not necessarily partners in the same peace. As things are going now Britain and America and Russia will sign documents together when Germany is defeated and then settle down to look after their own affairs, each watching jealously lest one of the others interferes in its sphere of influence. Officially all three Powers say they want to make world decisions and not have "spheres of influence," but talk alone won't alter the facts.

I can only see one hopeful way of tackling this problem. It may not seem very hopeful just now, but it's practicable. At least one American understands it. At a great meeting in Madison Square Gardens to salute Russia, on November 8th, 1942, I heard Henry Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, explain how it could be done. He pointed out that we in the West had to solve the problem of expanding our economy for the benefit of the common man, and that we lacked economic liberty just as much as the ordinary Russian lacked what we regard as essential civil and political liberties. He saw the solution mainly in turning the Atlantic Charter into a United Nations Charter. He wanted to concentrate on this promise of freedom from want and fear. I well remember his description of a conversation he had with Molotov. I quote it here from a most useful book of his speeches just published in this country*:

> In this connection I would like to refer to a conversation with Molotov. Thinking of the unemployment and misery which might so easily follow this war, I spoke of the need for productive public works programmes which would stir the imagination of all the peoples of the world and suggested as a starter a combined highway and airway from southern South America across the United States, Canada and Alaska, into Siberia and on to Europe with feeder highways and airways from China, India, and the Middle East. Molotov's first reaction was: "No one nation can do it by itself." Then he said: "You and I will live to see the day."

Unfortunately Henry Wallace does not control the United States and there is every danger that the Imperialist tendencies of American business will overwhelm the idea of co-operation that inspires Henry Wallace and his followers. I am often told that Wallace is hopelessly optimistic in thinking that America and Russia could work together in building roads or anything else; Russia will be too suspicious, and American business will be much too concerned with its own short-term profits to concern itself with any beneficent scheme of world development. Certainly that is how things look to-day. Wallace was planning on the basis of continued lend-lease and hoped that a long-term scheme of rehabilitation would develop out of U.N.R.R.A. But U.N.R.R.A. has been whittled down to a mere agency for supplying food and medical help to Europe.

Facts often make people do things they do not intend, and sometimes I think that economic collapse and mass misery will shape American policy after the elections (America has no policy before elections) and that Russian policy may also change after the German armies are destroyed. The European Continent will be half derelict. Rehabilitation cannot be left to private enterprise, and though Russia will be principally concerned with her own terrific problem of rebuilding, she will not be oblivious of Europe's future. As to America, I do not see why even the most hard-shelled big business monopolies of the United States can help seeing the advantages of allowing Lend-Lease—rename it "non-commercial investment" if you like—to restart Europe as a going concern again. And if that is true of American Business, it is far more true of Britain whose economic prosperity is necessarily bound up with that of the European Continent.

At present Stalin and Roosevelt and Churchill seem to be agreed at least on one thing—the destruction of Germany as a Power. The Russians have plans for using Germans as slave-labour in the Ukraine and apparently also intend to pass millions of Germans to the Poles to rule, and there is talk of making Germany a bundle of agricultural areas. I do not believe such a system could last. Competition will begin between Russia and ourselves to reorganise German resources. This is the danger and also the best chance of co-operation.

Someone, for instance, will have to reorganise the communications of Europe. Here I see hope in your idea of an army used for technical purposes. A modern army is the best instrument invented for building railways, and in such matters I see the chance that not only the armies of the big nations, but also Czechs and Poles and other armies can work together. Cities must be rebuilt, too, and most exciting of all, there is the job of re-creating the flying services of Europe. It is obviously ludicrous to attempt to maintain national sovereignty over the air; in theory, at least, no British, Soviet or American aeroplane can legally fly over Luxemburg or Lichtenstein without their permission. A vast confusion of national air services in Europe would be ludicrous; the technique of the international company—of *Wagon-Lits* is the obvious example—must be applied to the air. The servants of this company should be drawn from many nations. Incidentally, this has the advantage of solving the air problem of Germany (which must have an air service, even though it will be forbidden to build aeroplanes).

Or take another example. Henry Wallace has talked of a T.V.A. for the Danube Valley. He chose the Danube as the most obvious case of a great waterway, the power of which could be used to raise the standard of living of the whole impoverished Balkans. From the point of view of world economics, to give machinery to the Danube countries on the principle of lend-lease would be intelligent. If the standard of living of the half starving peasants is raised, the product of the industrial workers of many countries would be in greater demand. But I am dealing here with the integrating effect of such a proposal. Here is a case of a functional organisation which does not cover the Continent, but which serves the needs of some sixty million peoples in seven or eight countries. The international body, which built the power stations on the Danube, would include the three Great Powers and representatives of the Small Powers which would directly benefit by the provision of electricity. If a Council was set up of the heads of these States and they were asked to form an economic or political union, one would hope for little result. But if the Great Powers offered them the tangible benefit of some of their own surplus machinery through which all of them could benefit, it would be difficult for them to refuse.

Note the contrast between a Conference in which such an offer was made and one of the innumerable economic Conferences of the last post-war period. They broke down because each State was asked to "sacrifice" something, to give up some type of armaments, although it felt insecure, or to lower some tariff, although to do so damaged some important interest. But if statesmen can look at the problem from the angle I am suggesting, their prospect is much happier. They will preside over conferences of an active, constructive sort from which every delegate will go away with a vision of an improved standard of living for his own people—an attractive outlook even from an electoral point of view.

I am letting my pen run on; soon I'll be discussing my favourite theme—that our future depends on salvaging a common life and future by trying to do an engineering job that simply cannot be done on national or profit-making lines. The profit comes from the exchange of goods that follows after you have constructed your common services and planned an economy that over-runs frontiers. Frontiers become local government boundaries not economic barriers. Now the Russians understand this; they do not favour talk of this kind because they believe that all schemes that come from us are directed against them. If that idea remains, there is no hope at all for joint work. But in fact the misery and starvation of Europe will force us to act—and if we do it sensibly, it can mean with and not against Russia. After the last war the politicians were compelled to raise the blockade because the British Army, being composed of decent men, could not watch Germans starving. They shared their rations with hungry children—as they are doing again in Italy. So, I hope and believe, they will do this time. But that gets us only a bit of the way. If the Army says "We won't sit on our Khybers: we'll reconstruct this god-all-mighty mess," then they can do it, and if you present the Russians with a practicable proposal they will not want you to carry it out alone. Russians mean to play a full part in all world decisions and the most direct way of co-operation is the technical way. They are appreciative of technical problems and if the technicians of the world begin to unite on special jobs, other forms of understanding may follow. Sounds optimistic? Perhaps. But there are the lines to work on.

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* *The Century of the Common Man.* By Henry A. Wallace. (Hutchinson. 5s.)

AN ACT OF CORPORATE WORSHIP

"When a religion ceases to initiate reforms," Emerson has somewhere written, "it ceases to be a religion." It is not really surprising that, in the Committee stage of the Education Bill, Mr. T. E. Harvey could muster no more than twenty votes for his amendment against the proposal that the school day shall start with a "corporate act of worship?" What or whom the schools are to worship has not yet been agreed. It is to be, in some general sense, Christian; but it is to be so performed that Anglican and Nonconformist alike, the exponents of creeds which since at least the Civil War have been unable to find the means of unity, can join in the "corporate act." One Member told the House that ninety-five per cent. of the parents in this country would support the clause out of a zeal to promote the interests of religion; he did not estimate what proportion of that ninety-five per cent. sought "by a corporate act of worship" to promote the interests of religion either by family prayers or by a constant attendance at some place of worship. It is not, I suggest, an unreasonable assumption that Mr. Colegate did not make either of these guesses because their result would have been fatal to the conviction with which he could have uttered his little flourish of statistical rhetoric.

No child is to be forced into attendance at this "corporate act," and no teacher is to be driven into participation in it. Yet we all know that the child who stands apart will be both rare and uncomfortable for the simple reason that conventional practice has almost a religious place in the school-period; and we all know, equally, that thousands of teachers will conform, not because they believe, but because they will be convinced that the exercise of a conscientious doubt will be a bar in the way of promotion, the road to the reputation of being "difficult" or "different." No doubt the toleration will be real in the great urban centres like London or Manchester or Leeds. But as soon as we touch the rural areas, or those towns which, like so many in Devon or East Anglia, are little more than overgrown villages, the exercise of a conscientious refusal to participate will, even if in silence, be a mark against the teacher; and the parents who withdraw their child from the influence of the "corporate act" may easily inflict upon it a psychological injury it will be difficult to repair, especially if the child is lacking in those gifts of temperament which make its power to mingle with other children in easy fellowship an effortless task.

It is difficult for the outsider to see what intellectual justification Mr. Butler and his supporters can offer for their proposal. If the "corporate act" is based upon the assumption that the central dogmas of Christian theology are true, its foundations, to say the least, are historically dubious; while if it is based upon the desire to impose a certain ethical outlook upon children in the impressionable years of school, it is important to emphasise, first, that insofar as this ethical outlook is specifically Christian, it is largely irrelevant to the requirements of a society built upon the principle of religious tolerance, while, second, if the outlook is not specifically Christian, we are using the teachers of the community to secure adherence to something it will not be easy to distinguish from that civil religion to which Rousseau gave so large a place in his *Social Contract*.

Granted the nature of the support that Mr. Butler has won for his proposal, it is tempting to doubt whether his purpose is what Rousseau had in mind. But, in that event, the "corporate act" is likely, in the future, to become either what Arnold, of Rugby, strove to make of the chapel in his school, a technique which breeds as many agnostics as believers, or else it becomes a method of using the principles of the Christian Church to prop up the strength of a State-power so organised and so controlled that its relation to Christian purposes is hardly discernible. It is a long step on the road which the people of Spain were forced to tread when the Inquisition stamped out intellectual curiosity, or a step upon the road which the Roman Catholic Church took in Italy when it made its concordat with Mussolini. The "corporate act of worship" is relevant to Christianity in a community that is, unlike our own, passionately Christian in belief; the alternative is a loan from the Churches to the State of such authority as they can muster to train children in habits of obedience according to the pattern of social behaviour which the rulers of the State are anxious to safeguard.

A living church is a reforming church; and when its reforms are relevant to the needs of its time, it does not need a partnership with the State-power to commend its claims to men and women. But every church which seeks that partnership is, in fact, exchanging its religious mission for what share in earthly power the civil government will concede it; and the price of that concession is always a discreet carefulness about the social questions which agitate men's minds. It is, I think, at least as good a guess as Mr. Colegate's that Archbishop Temple's pronouncements on social questions have done more in a few brief years to reawaken popular interest in the Church of England as a religious organisation than all the dogmatic instruction in the Church's schools throughout the inter-war years. And it is, I suspect, a pretty reasonable presumption for the future that the content of the "corporate act of worship" will be scrutinised more carefully as the years go by in the Conservative Central Office than at Lambeth or York. For the validity of that content will not be measured by its power to open the minds of children to the need for great reforms, but by its capacity to breed in them a patient acceptance of whatever policy the state-power approves. It makes the "corporate act" a means not of elevating the mind and conscience of the child, but of inculcating in it respect for the State as such. This is no more than another way of insisting that order is heaven's first law; and the reference from that insistence—as we have seen in Fascist countries—rapidly becomes the belief that order is valid because it is order merely, and that to question it is an uncivic act. It is not from that temper that great citizens are trained; and only great citizens can build a great society.

I hope, therefore, that progressive-minded Members of the House will insist, at the Report stage, on a reconsideration of Mr. Harvey's amendment; and I hope that the teachers' organisations will have the courage to insist that the demand for this "corporate act of worship" is as much a criticism of their power to make the schools creative as it is anything else. Mr. Butler, no doubt, means well; but the churches which accept his good intentions are in truth announcing that they have exhausted their religious vitality and desire to be no more than a minor arm of the State's police power.

HAROLD J. LASKI

INSIDE GERMANY

The liberal Swiss paper *St. Galler Tagblatt*, which is very well informed about events in Germany, published the following report on March 11th, 1944: "The number of German soldiers not returning to the front after leave has risen so greatly in recent weeks that the military police had to be reinforced. In the large cities there are already regular agencies providing deserters with clothes, false papers, railway tickets, etc. Many succeed in "disappearing," others return to the front after a time for fear of reprisals against their families. They excuse themselves with all sorts of improbable stories, and generally, as a punishment, are merely given harder duties. . . ."

The article then describes the escapism prevailing everywhere, particularly amongst the middle classes. The time of the Weimar Republic "once so despised, is seen in a golden light, and many conversations to-day revolve round the theme 'If we had taken the other path.' But people do not know how they can put their longing into action unless the army, or part of it, lends its support. The German longing for peace to-day is apparently as powerless to take the initiative as the weakened German army. Yet there is nothing in Germany so strong to-day as this desire for peace."

The Swiss weekly *Nation*, Berne, published a similar report on March 2nd, 1944, which it has received from a Swiss who has recently returned from Germany. "There exists an inconceivable chaos in dozens of German cities to-day. People disappear every day and cannot be found again. This includes not only people who have been killed in raids. Disappearing has been developed into a regular science. There are many people whose lives are in danger, not only deserters and criminals, but, in particular, politically compromised men." Coolly the report then describes the process: "Some member of the man's family goes to the police station one day and reports that on a certain evening the man concerned had said that he was going to pay a visit to a friend at a certain address. He had not returned from this visit, and his relatives were most anxious. The police investigate and find that this particular house was totally destroyed in the night in question and there is no hope of the man being still alive. His relatives even say that they believe they can recognise his body amongst the charred corpses. He is therefore officially declared missing or dead. Nowadays in Germany nobody knows whether he is talking to Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde. Thousands of people are not what they pretend to be."

Of one of the counter-measures taken by the Nazis the *Gazette de Lausanne* published the following report "from the German frontier" on March 3rd, 1944: "A certain number of reliable workers in each factory are being charged with a special mission and called 'political squads.' These workers wear an armband with a swastika during working hours which distinguish them from other German and foreign workers whom they have to supervise politically."

Here is a typical example of the effort to counteract the growing demand for peace and a change of regime:

Kreisleiter Zimmermann, addressing a mass meeting at Nuremberg on March 3rd, 1944:

> One sometimes hears the remark that there would not have been a war without the National-Socialists. But we must remember that in that case after 1933 there would not have been any German Reich either.

Archbishop Grober, of Freiberg (Badonia), has returned to his open attack against the Third Reich and Nazism. Already in 1942 he addressed an open letter to the Badonian Minister of Education in Karlsruhe in which he declared: "The most elementary rights of man and all legal State guarantees for the protection of thought and religion are discarded. The State authorities exceed their powers. Thus, holding power unlawfully they become the foe of the State."

He has now published a Lenten pastoral letter in which he attacks the nationalism and *Herrenvolk* conception of the Third Reich:

> The thesis that man is on earth only to serve his nation is tantamount to atheism. These atheists wish to start a new civilisation rooted in the realm of the beast. The *Herrenmensch* thus created is but a beast rearing on its hind legs and dressed fashionably—a blond beast, no less, no more.

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A LONDON DIARY

By the familiar trick of treating a critical motion as a vote of confidence, Mr. Churchill has avoided the embarrassment of a debate on the Atlantic Charter. The seventy M.P.s who supported the motion were a very mixed group ; that is because the Atlantic Charter raises very mixed issues. We all know that legally Germany cannot claim any Wilsonian right of self-determination under the Charter, but we have it on Mr. Churchill's own authority that that does not divest us of the moral obligation to carry it out as far as possible. Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, who made an admirable analysis of the Charter in the last Foreign Affairs debate, pointed out that these obligations included the general democratic principle that territorial changes should only be made with the consent of the inhabitants, but that that principle, which may have to be modified in some cases, is really less important than the promise of freedom from fear and want. We seem to be moving back to a state when the discussion is all about frontiers and strategic positions, when what we ought to be thinking about is how people are to be clothed and housed and fed. The principle of " compensating " the victor's losses by further transfers of enemy territory is quite indefensible—as the *Times* has very ably pointed out. I believe that the Russians in their bitter anger for the outrages inflicted on them will make the greatest possible mistake if they discard the revolutionary principle that they are fighting a ruling class and not a people. I suspect, however, that Stalin, who has so explicitly said that the German nation will always exist, is really playing a far-sighted game, and intends to act as midwife at the rebirth of a Germany with whom he can ultimately make friends. (No doubt a similar idea has also occurred to people in the West.) But the *Daily Worker*, which has a habit of caricaturing Moscow, has now actually come out with an article which is more Vansittart than Vansittart. When Stalin does recognise a revolution in Germany, which may yet happen, we shall look forward to another scathing article in the *Worker* denouncing anyone who has ever for a moment confused the workers of Germany with their rulers.

* * *

Some Italians who recently returned home after a period of forced labour in Hitler's Reich gave a startling and cheering account of the state of mind of the Germans who worked with them and over them. They promptly sorted out the Italians into two groups, first, genuine Fascists who came of their own free will, and, secondly, anti-Fascist conscripts. To the Fascists they gave all the hard and dirty jobs, while the anti-Fascists were encouraged to take things easily—which is what these Germans also did. The two soon got talking freely ; so a reliable correspondent tells me. After the strikes in Lombardy and the Duce's fall, the Italians asked the Germans when they would do likewise. The answer was that they did intend to do it, but they were determined not to strike too soon ; if they acted prematurely they would all be liquidated by the Gestapo. When they got into touch with French conscripts in the same case as themselves, the Italians found that they had had the same experience. The Germans sorted them out into pro-Vichy and anti-Vichy, and it was the latter who had an easy time. To the French also these German workers gave much the same account of their intentions. They were worried, however, by the Anglo-American demand for unconditional surrender, and feared it will mean that the Germany of the future will be handed over to the wrong people. By that they meant, I gather, some Teutonic Badoglio and his group.

* * *

The possibilities of the " chain letter " as a means of raising money are too well known to escape the notice of the misguided zealots running some of the " Salute the Soldier " weeks. I hear that at least one local committee has sought legal advice on the point whether chain letters are lawful, and has been told that in their usual money-raising form they might be held to contravene the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934. The money-raising form, I suppose, is that used in 1938 by a Sunderland firm who were convicted under the Act for distributing chances in a lottery. Their idea was to send letters to a number of selected addresses, asking each one if he would care to send copies to five other people. Each recipient of a letter found in it a list of five names and addresses. He was instructed to send a shilling to the person first named on the list, and then to send a shilling to the " Company " (i.e. the organisers), in payment for the five copies of the letter. He was then to remove from the list the name of the person to whom he had sent his shilling, and add his own name at the bottom. The prosecution called a mathematician to prove that the sum required to complete the scheme and ensure that everyone got his money would be something over seven thousand million pounds. The scheme was held to be a lottery, because it was always a matter of pure chance whether any one of the numerous " links " would send off his two shillings—the bigger chance being that most of them wouldn't. The Home Secretary told the Commons in April 1942 that, apart from any possible prosecutions, " chain letter schemes, some of which purport to be designed to assist a patriotic or charitable cause, are both foolish and harmful. . . . Public attention should be called to the fact that such schemes provide wide scope for the exploitation of the credulous by the fraudulent." Exploitation of the credulous by the patriotic has acquired an official sanctity since the first village " bought " its first Spitfire ; but although no one could pretend that savings weeks are fraudulent, their exploitation of credulity may prove to be a boomerang when the credulous want to see other things than war weapons for their money.

* * *

The news that Alun Lewis has been killed on active service will be felt especially by readers of this journal. A number of his poems, including " The Sentry," which has been singled out in obituaries, appeared first in these pages, and they reveal a distinguished and growing talent. There are two sides to his verse—the lyrical and descriptive (owing a natural debt to Edward Thomas) and the romantic : it is the latter, at the moment, that comes uppermost. Even in a war as annihilating as the present one, many readers still turn to poetry for romantic consolation—the sort of light consolation which soldier-poets, except in moments of self-pity, would be the last to provide. Alun Lewis's gift lay in a realism that animated the flatness of the early war years like headlights along a road :

> All day it has rained, and we on the edge of the moors
> Have sprawled in our bell-tents, moody and dull as boors . . .

Every mood of the soldier under training—boredom, a hardening anguish, thoughts of death, relaxation, cool observation—will be found in the verse of *Raider's Dawn* (Allen and Unwin), and behind the easy diction one feels a continual and patient stocktaking. He possessed the ability, rare among writers in wartime, of going on through thick and thin, and his more recent work from India showed that in prose as well as verse he had a remarkable gift for reporting. Some of the young poets tragically cut short by war—Sidney Keyes is an illustrious example—seem already to have attained full stature, so that we find it difficult to imagine a further development. Alun Lewis had a more fluid talent, and in one of several directions—verse, stories, autobiography—he might have gone far. He will be remembered as one of the first poets who have made an honest and adequate response to the crushing routine of war.

* * *

I was deeply sorry, too, to hear of the death of Demetrios Capetanakis, a young Greek philosopher and poet, who had been in this country since just before the outbreak of war. Before he came over here (with the aid of the British Council) he had already made a name for himself as a lecturer and writer on philosophical and literary subjects. He was a brilliant interpreter of his country's civilisation : I am told that the lectures he gave, dealing with Greek art and Greek poetry as well as Greece's struggle during the present war, made a deep impression. His essays on Rimbaud, Stefan George and Dostoievsky, had already been published and attracted considerable attention. His poems in English show an unusual ease and charm for one who had been over here for so short a time to have achieved. He was only thirty-two.

* * *

I met a man running in circles in Whitehall the other day. " What are you doing ? " I asked. " Getting out a White Paper on Full Employment," he said, " it has to be out before the Beveridge Report on the same subject, which we are told is incendiary. We must have a bucket of cold water to throw over it."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Stephen Watts.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

With the passage of time since its issue, the Beveridge Report has taken its proper place in the plans for post-war reconstruction.—*Times*.

Conservative Agent wanted for Skipton Division (Yorks).—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*.

Miss Crompton herself—small, brown-haired, with eyes that really do sparkle—is far too attractive to be taken for a female novelist.—*Evening News*.

Accused of stealing 44s. from an electric light meter at his fiancée's home, Private N. . . . said he was saving up to get married.—*Star*.

City's " Night Life." British Restaurant Open for Evening Intercourse.—*Lancaster Observer*.

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To national stability
Habiliments penurious
Were donned with due docility ;
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Was vetoed with celerity,
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The suit is non-austerity.

While global conflict furious
Engages our virility,
The wardrobe once luxurious
We wear out with tranquillity ;
We " turn " with versatility,
We watch without asperity,
We make do with humility—
The suit is non-austerity.

The stamp of style was spurious
On fabrics of utility,
The garment cramped and curious
Forbade impeccability ;
Till Savile Row hostility
Eased sumptuary severity—
In circles of gentility
The suit is non-austerity.

Envoi.
Prince, clothe your nude nobility
In raiment of prosperity ;
The tailor shows civility,
The suit is non-austerity.

SAGITTARIUS

THE WICKED BRITISH

No one places the British on so high a pedestal as the anti-imperialist American. It is true that the pedestal is easy to confuse with a pillory, and that sometimes its function is to be kicked away and leave the British hanging, but none the less, reluctant admiration keeps straying into the most fervid condemnation of the British Empire. British liberals visiting the U.S. and hoping to find men of like mind to themselves are often surprised at the discovery that their denunciations of British stupidity are greeted with a sly wink by those who know better. Stupidity, these Voyeurs say, has never been a British vice; look beneath the placid exterior and you will find a deep-laid plot to enslave the whole world.

Two of the ten best sellers in America to-day are fugues on this somewhat wearisome theme. Pierre Van Paasen, in the preface to his latest book *The Forgotten Ally*, proposes to lay open the secret diplomacy of unregenerate imperialism to all men of good will without emotion or prejudice, but simply by baring the facts. In this vein of the Old Testament prophets Mr. Van Paasen seeks a good solid sin on which to pin all the evil happenings of this world; he finds British Imperialism, and its High Priests, the Colonial Office. The British "people" have merely been misled, for all "peoples" are good, and Mr. Van Paasen passed through British nationality himself on the way from Dutch to American citizenship. His prophetical denunciation is turned not against the "Fascism unmitigated and untempered" of British rule in India, but on one of its by-products, the situation in the Near East and especially Palestine. The idea that the present unhappy situation in Palestine might be the result of muddle or stupidity is scouted as unworthy of the traditions of a great and able people. Even if whatever is is not right, at least it is so because Britain so intended it. To suppose that Arab intransigence could play any part is denied by an impartial examination of past history. The Arabs, Van Paasen declares, have never in the last three centuries been a people of the slightest importance or initiative. The so-called "Revolt in the Desert" is a pleasant myth created about 1922, of the same historical validity as the Odyssey. During and after the war the Arabs willed nothing and did nothing. If any Arab movement or demand is carefully examined, beneath the flowing robes will be found the sinister figure of the Colonial Office. "For instance, the whole Arab opposition to Jewish immigration since 1920 has been a fabrication of the British Colonial Office, who feared that the freedom of one people, the Jews in this instance, in the traditional area of Colonialism would in the course of time, as a small flame lighting a huge pile of wood, set the whole Colonial world afire and ring down the curtain on the imperialistic episode of usurpation and spoliation. In this anti-Zionist policy they were loyal to the supreme interests of British imperialism." That there should be any natural source of antipathy was ridiculous for "Jews and Arabs were nowhere and never in trouble since the days of Mohammed."

The final objective sought by this policy—more Oppenheimian than Machiavellian—is simply the wealth of the British middle classes, which is dependent on keeping India unindustrialised and poor so that she is forced to buy *all* manufactured goods from Britain. The Jews in Palestine introduced the threat of freedom of enterprise and industry. This the Colonial Office could not tolerate, because they argued that "Capitalism carries Socialism in its bosom" (which certainly suggests that the Colonial Office has a more literal belief in Marxism than is usually credited). The real solution which Mr. Van Paasen produces for all these problems is quite simple; it is to provide industrial prosperity for all. He quotes at length from a secret Cabinet memorandum (the stock *deus ex machina* of such writers) to prove that Africa will soon be the industrial centre of the world; with this to go on it would only be necessary to transfer the overcrowded Arabs from Egypt to Iraq, and national differences and imperialist fears would disappear to be replaced by "the apex of capitalist civilisation . . . for the earth has not yet been scratched, and the greatest era of capitalist prosperity still lies in the future." Between us and this very new Jerusalem lies only the hand of the Colonial Office.

For Lin Yutang also, the devil in this war is not Germany or Japan, but the British Empire. *Between Tears and Laughter* has a definite list to the lachrymose side, since the author begins by considering the wrongs that have been done to China. Amongst the worst of these slaps in the face was the British decision to cut off China by intentionally losing Burma. Some bitter comfort is found in the thought that China will emerge from the war with a great experience of modern battle, for when she achieves equality in arms, and only then, will China be accorded equality of treatment by the Western Powers. "The greatest single fact of this war" is not the emergence of China alone as a great Power, but the emergence of Asia, including Russia. "The emergence of Asia simply means this: the end of the era of imperialism." While the war continues, as the war of 1812 between Britain and America continued, because the participants did not know that peace had been made at Ghent, the issue of this war has been decided. Imperialism is dead, but the Powers must choose whether to recognise this fact. "Two world leaders stand at opposite poles: Chiang Kai-shek, for whom 'patriotism is not enough,' and Winston Churchill, for whom it is. Every thinking man must choose between the two."

There is much in both these books with which any liberal would agree, and which has indeed been said over and over again by liberals in Britain. But two problems emerge from reading these books and realising that they are best sellers amongst the general public of one of our allies. The first is how much criticism is legitimate between allies, and the second how should the ally against whom criticism is directed answer the charges. Any criticism, it may be presumed, is legitimate which seems likely to have a material effect for the better on the conditions criticised. There can be no reason in the world why criticism should not come from abroad and even be welcomed. To insist, for instance, in America on a "hands off" policy towards Britain would be to lay the intellectual foundation for that state of mental palsy known as isolationism.

Unfortunately, the converse is not true; isolationism does not mean that there is a ban on criticism. In America (long before she entered the war) isolationist newspapers were very free in their criticism of Russia and Britain. The object of this criticism is not to alter the conditions criticised, but to foster distrust and dislike of other nations and so decrease the chances of any association with them. If we recognise the difference in object between these two sorts of criticism, it becomes clear that the legitimate critic is the true internationalist who wishes for greater association between Powers; the only unwarranted criticism is that designed to keep other nations at a distance.

Let those who complain that the Ministry of Information has failed in its American endeavours because Americans are still ignorant of the truth about the British Empire or the British war effort consider that you may lead a man to the purest wells of truth but you cannot make him think; prejudices are stronger than proofs.

Criticism across frontiers can always be dismissed as irresponsible by the group on whom the primary responsibility for reform falls. Thus they argue that it is all very easy to urge racial equality on a State with a large negro population when you live in a State that has no negroes. Let us frankly recognise that at present most people do not feel that a man is his brother's keeper if a frontier interposes. Let us further realise that nothing is more satisfactory to Conservatives than to be able to point at the spectre of foreign pressure behind reform. The sincere critic who wishes to see improvement, and not merely to thank God that he is not as other men, will try to find his friends within the country whose policy he criticises, rather than build up an alien pressure group.

W. D. C.

IMPACT

My first impact with America was horizontal—lying flat in the nose of a Hudson flying over Niagara Falls from Toronto. There should have been something monstrous, something outsize for the very first eyefull. The crescents of the Falls put up clouds of soft driving spray; but the two engines drowned the thunderous noise. It should have been an impressive entry; but it is a trick of air travel that it lowers the Pyramids, diminishes Vesuvius to a bonfire and makes of Niagara a watery crease in a fertile landscape.

Washington, an ample pattern of green trees and vast leisurely buildings, spun in a dignified gambit as we circled. There fell a warm pallid official rain; and the very first man I met said, "Gee, it must remind you of England."* Before I could do justice to this, he excused himself and strode over to the reception desk to answer a telephone.

The telephone is significant. I did not realise then the terms of intimacy I should achieve with Washington telephones.

There was nothing transitional about the drive in from the airport. The soldier at the wheel looked dazed when I told him I had never been in America till this moment. Very soon he began to talk about Kansas City. Even when we drove by the modest and agreeable façade of the White House he was a little apologetic about Washington, D.C.—but, boy, I must see Kansas. In the afternoon I mingled with Sunday crowds, obedient to illuminated signs on the sidewalk crossings which flash "Cross" or "Don't Cross." At the third crossing we had to ignore one of these gadgets in which the "Don't" did not light, and which commanded us to cross to certain death beneath the staff cars.

The crowd, even in this official mileau, had a strong family flavour, and it was the first time I had been able to witness in being that fundamental virtue of Americans, the sense of family. Much deeper, firmer, more lasting than the famous American smile is this awareness of family with its exuberant observation of the Fifth Commandment. Whenever I have met the young American Service men they have talked with deep zeal and unaffected frankness of father and mother, of kid brothers, of their own children.

The next day I learned the technique of talking to folk in Washington. My lesson took all day. I had to interview a number of people, most of whom knew I was coming, because appointments had been made. The first interview was with a man who sat in a large air-conditioned room surrounded by satellites supplied with several telephones. Each satellite was telephoning when I entered, except the man in the corner, who was eating, drinking, smoking and playing patience. The conversation went in spurts.

He: "So you're Mr. er——"

Me: "Pudney."

He: "Very glad to know you. . . . Hullo."

(He picks up the near telephone and talks. A satellite offers me a seat and a cigarette.)

He (putting down receiver): "So sorry, Mr.—er——"

Me: "Pudney."

He: "That's right now. Let's see, you've come about . . . Hullo."

(It is the far telephone now—long-distance. There are many long-distance calls. Everybody is shouting except the patience player, who smiles toward me and shrugs his shoulders.)

He (holding on): "So sorry, Mr.—er . . . Hullo."

(The near telephone joins in. He has a tele-

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* Polite phrase addressed to the English whenever it rains anywhere in the world.

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SALUTE THE SOLDIER

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phone at each ear. There is much banter, many breaks as he speaks first to one then to the other. When he puts them both down his eye looks at me kindly and vacantly.)

He: "Mr. er——"

Me: "Pudney."

He: "I hope you won't mind if I just put through a call. I . . . Hullo."

The patience player is a nice comfortable fellow. He gives me a bottle of "coke" when my interviewee takes the second telephone to his ear again. "I don't have no telephone," says the patience player, "so if you can't wait, I could pass on a message. Maybe tell him you'll call up."

I left the vast building and went to see a friend at the Embassy—the Lutyens brick essay in gentility which peacetime newspapers used to complain about because of its cost. My friend looked up enthusiastically from his telephone. He only had one, but it went four times during tea. "We'll have to meet outside somewhere and have a chat later on," he said.

Subsequently I got my name across, and a little of my business in two or three other offices; but the day was steamy hot and sense of continuity began to fade. I returned to my shared bedroom in the palatial overcrowded hotel, took off my clothes and lay down, pleased with America but frustrated. Then I thought of that happy man, the patience player, and reached for my telephone. I spoke to each of my calls in turn. I gained their whole attention. I received kindness, courtesy, satisfaction. It took barely an hour and everybody was satisfied. It is a simple technique. The most difficult aspect of it is to find the hotel room and the bedside telephone. The unfortunates who spend the night sleeping in telephone boxes in Washington streets because of the overcrowding have that one necessity at least.

In New York, emerging from Central Station in a yellow sky-view taxicab with a window in the roof, a quick shiver of apprehension of the New World went through me. The ride seemed to be like stealing a holiday away from realities; but soon the well-known exhilaration which is in the air of that fabulous place took possession of me. I arrived at Radio City, that concrete tower at first sight more solid but less substantial than a fairy tale, and took my luggage for a rendezvous upon the forty-fourth floor. Then the elevator strike broke.

Three of us stood innocently by the elevators and a man in a hurry strode up and down, from time to time pushing the button for us. A blonde giggled and said "Looks like it's an elevator strike." The other frowned at her gloomily.

"My God. If it is . . ." suddenly stormed the man in a hurry, thumbing a paragraph or so of morse on the button. We looked at each other then and discovered that we numbered about a dozen. Somebody went back into an office and called up the management. The strike was confirmed. "That cancels my date," said the blonde, retiring to telephone. Experienced people began to talk resignedly about the walk down. Some said it would take an hour; some said three. Nobody denounced the elevator men. We drifted toward a little obscure doorway which gave on the stairs. A gadget had failed. The bustle, the dates, the exhilaration, the American smile, were in suspense. We were separated from life by a gadget which did not work and by a flight of stairs which would do well in the worst of bad dreams.

The sound of slow, bored, downward traffic of feet on concrete came to us as we approached the doorway. The first ten flights down went well. People whistled, chattered, went arm in arm, took and gave gum and cigarettes. A dullness gathered in the calves after that. Then frustration blended with nausea which was nearly giddiness. People—the long-distance walkers—became silent, morose, despondent, resentful of the tyros setting out from the thirties and the twenties. The general pace was slow, and it took us an hour to descend to the tens, where morale improved. The body had become loose, the mind was becoming proud of the achievement. Everybody told everybody else how far and fast they had come. Reporters and photographers waited at the bottom. They asked some girls to take off their shoes and look faint with fatigue. Then in the name of solidarity on the home front, they asked for smiles all round. Police patrolled everywhere. Pickets stood at elevator doors. Crowds milled round the lobby looking for a drama. Tough-guy policemen in civilian clothes straight out of the movies gave orders. But the vast building slowly became inert. My luggage stood on a deserted island in the sky; so did the business dealings of thousands of worried-looking people. It was just crazy, but it was New York; and I hurried away to the only hotel in New York where there's a room, bathed and prepared afresh for the impact.

It is good to be alone when viewing a country or a city for the first time, not to have to express satisfaction, wonder, disgust or whatever it is, to a companion. It is good not to incline to the views of another's eyes, not to be trespassed on by the knowledgeable, confused by the sophisticated, surfeited by the enthusiastic.

So that first night in New York I walked into Times Square alone, without plans, without introductions. There was much evidence of war in the brilliant dim-out of these crowded pavements, in the uniforms, in the posters, in the momentum of furlough pleasure. The man next to me at the drug store counter was not in it physically, and his anxiety was pathetic. He came from the far west and travelled on business which, he carefully explained, was connected with war. The man who talked to me afterwards in a bar interrupted himself with, "Pardon me, I'm going to be sick." A flying man at a hamburger counter told me just how important it was that his kid brother should not fly because of the family. Some airmen had been in England and pressed me to join them for the whole evening. A dozen people spoke because they wished to shake hands with somebody in R.A.F. uniform. A jovial fellow, on the other hand, wanted to know whereabouts on Broadway I was a commissionaire—he meant it seriously. It was a good night of commonplace and triviality. It was New York which they say is not America; it was Broadway which they say is not New York. It was that democracy which Whitman saw sprawling, self-satisfying, indulgent, yet aware and critical. At four in the morning, when I made for my bed, one could still buy fried onions or Tolstoy's "War and Peace," a neat Bible or a nip of whisky, razor blades or classical music. Every need of belly or brain was catered for; it was wide open; it belonged to everybody. It was a generous impact.

JOHN PUDNEY

THE SCAPEGOAT

IN taking as the "plot" of an oratorio the Vom Rath case, which provided the excuse for one of the worst of the Nazi pogroms, Mr. Michael Tippett set himself a task of some magnitude; for the hero of this tragic story, the Polish student Herschel Grynszpan, acquires—from the intersection of his position with a crisis of history—an allegorical significance far in excess of any interest attaching to what we know of his personality. It was clever of Mr. Tippett to have perceived in this poor boy the characteristic "Child of Our Time"—for such is the title he has given him; clever, because it requires an intense conjugation of sympathy with intelligence to reach the source of that grim forlornness which seems to be the lot of young men to-day. Indeed, their human condition seems to be such as no words can express, though whether this be due to complexity or to an inscrutable depth of hopelessness it would be difficult to say. The young—even the poets among them—do not describe themselves plainly or willingly; they seem to prefer to comment on material events; and when writers of an elder generation attempt an exegesis, the result is apt to sound too vague to be interesting, or too portentous to be true.

This obscure drama of emotion is a subject for music rather than literature, and now at last Michael Tippett, who is thirty-nine, has grasped the nettle and put the case for the child of our time. The text, written by himself, is on the whole admirable: simple, terse and eloquent. Only occasionally has he chosen an unsingable phrase; "He shoots the official," for instance, seems to me very unhappy. The simple expressiveness of the text is matched by the extreme brevity of each number in the oratorio. This point is important, for surely one of the least attractive features of most choral works is the length of the movements. Tippett, who is skilled in training a choir, has evidently learnt that choral counterpoint is among the most trying of sonorities to listen to for long at a stretch. Apart from this advantage, the division of the work into aria, chorus and recitative (or scena) is very skilful; so that we have no excuse for boredom throughout the whole 80 minutes.

But I shall not pretend that this is easy music for ears attuned to classical harmony. Not that it is ever harshly rebarbative, as the music of Schönberg, Bartok, and Stravinsky sometimes is. What the listener has to grapple with in this case is not percussive discordancy, nor the neurotic disorder of post-Romantic melody—but an harmonic ambiguity, the syntax of which is at first difficult to follow. Tonality is always present, but it hovers about and is obviously a secondary consideration in the progress of a passage of thought. Thus the harmony preserves a very high degree of instability, and the resolutions are surprising because they arise from a characteristic tendency to *enharmonic* imagery (if I may be permitted the metaphor). I stress the word because it provides the key to the enigma of this very peculiar music. The imaginative licence permitted by the tonal and harmonic tradition which prevailed up to the year 1600 has been, I believe, rediscovered by Tippett—just as Busoni, working doubtless along other lines, rediscovered it in his later works, with results that are interestingly similar, as can be observed by comparing the Spring chorus that so movingly concludes the main body of this oratorio with the "Dream of Youth" passage in the second act of *Doctor Faust*.

"A Child of Our Time" is, then, the work of a singularly powerful intellect working in an idiom that is fundamentally international. Its beauty, which is very considerable and of a kind that increases with familiarity, is not as recondite as my description may seem to imply. Tippett's music looks dull on paper and some of its most lovely moments (e.g. the mirror-canon at the words "Where lies the jewel of great prize") appeared to me merely ingenious—until I heard them, when their unearthly, spiritual quality made me feel that I was in contact with a mind of most unusual quality. But the imagination here at work is an essentially lyrical one, which accounts for the further impression that the weakest parts of this oratorio are the recitatives (which have a Berliozian lack of inevitability) and the more immediately dramatic sections. Unlike many artists, Mr. Tippett is more at home with Good than with Evil.

The five Spirituals, which punctuate the work in the manner of chorales, look like a miscalculation, because of the inappropriateness of their origin and the manner of their harmonisation. But they are so discreetly, and withal so imaginatively, set that in performance they do not sound out of style. Nevertheless, I feel that the composer could have afforded to do without even so slight a colouring of sentimentality as these movements introduce.

The performance, to which Mr. Walter Goehr had evidently devoted great care, was in many respects a satisfactory one. Mr. Peter Pears and Miss Joan Cross, in particular, sang their solos with feeling and distinction, and the London Civil Defence and Morley College choirs joined forces with excellent effect. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, on the other hand, seemed rather at sea in a musical idiom so remote from any to which they are accustomed, with the result that their playing lacked conviction.

A large audience at the Adelphi received the oratorio with real enthusiasm.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Battle for the Ukraine," at the Tatler
"Tunisian Victory" and "Lifeboat," at the Odeon

The Battle for the Ukraine and *Tunisian Victory* are notable documentaries. The one Russian, the other Anglo-American, they record vividly two theatres of the war, and each has its own style both of warfare and of film-making. To take the Russian film first (and it deserves pride of place), Dovschenko creates a picture of the Ukraine, of great plains and rivers, cornfields, orchards, cities, power plants, swelling towards ever more exuberant achievement. The multitractor slides crabwise over a hill; the grape is gathered from vineyards stretching to the horizon; steel pours out of a furnace; everywhere men and women enjoy pride of land and living. Into this picture come the Nazis, shelling and bombing. A gun rises out of the sunflowers: an emblem, repeated again and again, of the horror that has attacked this most fruitful of countrysides. Fire, pillage, mass murder, and starvation accompany the to-and-fro of battle, and we are spared nothing—or rather, we should have been spared nothing if the censor had not made his forty-three cuts in the film. As it is, there is enough to startle us to tears in the women telling their experiences of occupation, in the mass grave outside Kharkhov, where 14,000 bodies await the relieving army. *The Battle for the Ukraine* is the most terrible and final of all the Soviet war films, and the commentary, excellently translated by Alexander Werth, adds to its indictment of the enemy. Quite another enemy, this, from the "Jerry" of *Tunisian Victory*: one who is loathed, despised and, where possible, exterminated. Coming to the Anglo-American film, one feels the change of atmosphere with a shock; it is not merely that the horrors are left out, that we see nothing of Tunisians except at the end lining the streets to cheer; the whole execution of the film is designed to convey the war at a safe distance. This has the advantage that we are given a clear idea of the strategies involved; the landings, the first abortive rush to Tunis, the supply lines, the piston movement that finally crushed Kesselring's divisions, are all plainly mapped and illustrated. Where this trim and vivid documentary is weakest is at precisely the point where the Russian film hits hardest—its attitude to the audience. No need for the Russians to explain, to look for propaganda angles; everything is there, with the most direct appeal. Two voices are needed in *Tunisian Victory*, to "put the case for Democracy." Burgess Meredith and Bernard Miles, unseen, talk confidentially, persuasively, and at last blitheringly about a better world. When this film goes to Russia, as I imagine it will, another "propaganda angle" will, no doubt, be found and exploited.

The problem of propaganda intrudes again, though unimportantly, in Hitchcock's and Steinbeck's *The Lifeboat*. As the titles unroll a ship's funnel is seen disappearing under the waves, and then we come to the lifeboat, where for the rest of the film we shall remain. Tallulah Bankhead is sitting, bejewelled and befurred, with every hair in place, but bending disdainfully over a ladder in her stocking. Others join her, including the Captain of the U-boat that sank them, and we are set for drama and the usual sparring match, Nazi *v.* Democrat. It's seven or eight to one this time, in favour of the Allies, but the Herr Kapitan, with compasses, vitamin pills, water-flasks up his sleeve, seems to be winning hands down till the end when the others turn on him and chuck him overboard. Herein lurks the parable: that the Nazis are efficient and unscrupulous, that their strength is synthetic, that it takes time for Democracy to wake up and pull together, etcetera. Not very happily worked out, perhaps, but what does it matter? *The Lifeboat* thrills and entertains for a couple of hours; William Bendix and Walter Slezak add rare blooms to a bunch of character

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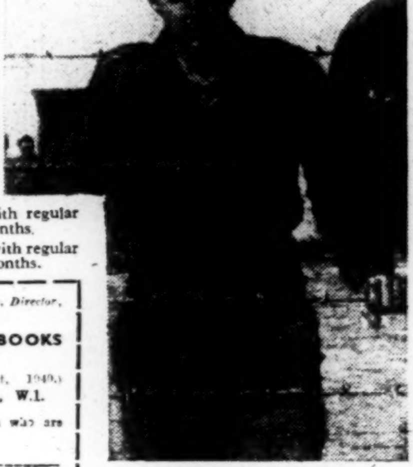

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studies; and though the film isn't quite the best Hitchcock, or indeed recognisedly Hitchcock at all, it is brilliantly done of its kind.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"This Was a Woman," at the Comedy

A new playwright with the courage to attempt a major character starts with the critic's interest in her favour. Miss Morgan has a real sense of the dramatic; she leads us on to speculate whether she has been too little to the theatre, or too much. If she had seldom occupied a stall her dialogue might come closer to contemporary speech, and we might have been spared the unwitty parody of that recorded scene from *Private Lives*. If, on the other hand, she had studied Ibsen or Strindberg thoroughly she would have seen that characters which tax belief should be embedded in a background we can understand. Hedda Gabler and the mother in *The Silver Cord* hover about this play, reminding us that Hedda not only belongs to her day and place, but might emerge in any narrow and conventional society, while Miss Braithwaite's lady from South Kensington convinced us at once that, when not busied with the wrecking of her children's lives, she shopped at Harrods and, on Sundays, trailed a reluctant peke beside the Row. But the Olivia Russell of this play is a creature suspended in space, only held together by the force of Miss Sonia Dresdel's imagination. The chatter about the high room with its turret window and the black spaniel so unaccountably put away prepares us for her entrance, poised, edgy, conscious-sweet. Her study of a woman acting to herself, only roused to eagerness by the possibility of doing harm, has a hundred subtle touches. But even she cannot make us believe in this monster who corrupts her maid, attacks her daughter's marriage, and finally gets her husband out of the way of her ambition. If we are to have pathology, we must have a case history, too. Instead of belief, then, we have to make do with an unbounded admiration for this actress's technique. In the last battle with her son, the final terrified progress round the walls of the room while the police knock at the door below, good acting does conquer the material, and the pulses quicken. Mr. John Bryning makes a brilliant showing as the son, though sufficient weight and force are lacking, and Miss Nova Pilbeam does her best with a young woman not only out of date but out of any period at all. The play is slow off the mark, and suspense is not helped by the method of production, which makes the actors' address the action as golfers about to drive address the ball.

"Green and Pleasant Land," at Unity Theatre

Unity has a tradition of encouragement for both young writers and actors which gives its productions an attractive exuberance. This play, which is the first effort of Mr. Leonard Peck, is no exception, even if it lacks the polish and incisiveness of the *Spanish Village* or *Winkles and Champagne*. The story is simple: the young and dissatisfied wife of a Whig M.P., revolted by the cruelty and inhumanity of her husband and his fellow industrialists towards the Chartist agitation, falls in love with a Chartist leader. She is torn between the security of her comfortable home in Cavendish Square and the new life which her association with the Chartists seems to promise. Melodramatic? Perhaps. But with one or two exceptions, surprisingly well acted for an amateur cast. Dramatically, the play is weak and slow-moving. Mr. Peck, who has shown that he can write good dialogue, should pay more attention to construction in his next play. He must have caused considerable difficulties to a producer, Eva Lorm-Schaffer, with a fine emotional understanding.

"The Lantern"

"The Lantern" is an intimate little Viennese theatre in what was once a private house in Swiss Cottage. The rest of the building is an Austrian Centre, and downstairs there is a restaurant, full of the pale ghosts and nostalgic memories of the kind of Wiener Schnitzel, Apfelstrudel and Sacher-torten you may—or may not—once have eaten. The theatre, too, seems full of ghosts. The curtain rises—with typical Viennese unpunctuality—on a tiny stage, so small that three actors make it seem overcrowded. But there is nothing primitive or amateur about the acting here, neither is there any atmosphere of odd "isms." The plays are in German, and, since the theatre has been "obliterated" in Austria, "The Lantern" wishes to discover new authors and educate new talents. The present piece, performed for the first time in this country, is *Professor Polezhayew*, by L. Rachmanov, of the Moscow Art Theatre, and is a play about a Russian scientist at the time of the Revolution, from which the film *Baltic Deputy* was made. Arnold Marle, as the professor, and Charlotte Kueter, as Maria Lwowna, his wife, were brilliant, and gave a fine psychological interpretation of character. The stage set, in its cluttered, lace-matted, knitted-chair-covered confusion, was an almost exact replica of the type of *sezession* interior once popular in Russia and Central Europe. The production is in a tradition very different from that of the English stage; there is much more gesture and le restraint of feeling than we usually see here; but a piece of stage-craftsmanship—in a strange mediu certainly and under the most trying circumstances it could hardly be improved on.

Correspondence

FILMS

SIR,—The writer of the article "Films Across th Sea" starts off with the ancient jibe that the Britis film industry asks to be regarded as a virtuous maide in thrall to the Hollywood dragon. The real drago he maintains, is Mr. J. A. Rank, and there are n fewer than five virtuous maidens—M.G.M., R.K.O. Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, Uncle Jack Warne and all.

The one analogy is as stupid as the other. Th British film industry merely seeks a place on th world's screens which its products justly meri And it fully understands that Hollyoood industrialists, in resisting any muscling-in, are behavin as hard-headed business men are expected to behav in any industry.

Your contributor states that what is at stake i "not merely the growth and profitability of th British film industry, but the future of the film as medium of world propaganda." He could not hav put it better. If the attempted muscling-in succeed the cinema screens of the world will become a medium for some amount of British culture, instead of continuing almost exclusively as a medium of Hollywood. What is so awful about that?

He goes on to advocate that Britain should instead develop what he calls "a national film industry." He believes that "foolish Quota Acts" prevent this, yet he quotes the French film industry as a model "national film industry." Is he aware that the French industry was utterly unable to achieve any sort of development until the French Government provided it with "foolish" protective legislation against Hollywood, far more drastic (and presumably more foolish) than anything enacted by the British Government?

It is amusing to note that your contributor has no fear that the existing American monopoly might "prevent the free development of national film industries" or "possess dangerous power over world propaganda." Yet he declares that these dangers would somehow present themselves if the monopoly, instead of being merely American, became Anglo-American?

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His whole article is a sequence of such palpable absurdities. For instance, he states that British cinema-owners get rich enough by showing American films, and, in the next breath, argues that Mr. Rank (the biggest British cinema-owner) gains some subtle advantage by producing British films. In the next breath still, he points out what a risky business it is to finance British films.

Doubtless Mr. Rank could save himself a lot of worry and hazard if he showed only American films in his cinemas. His distributing company, of course, would still be obliged to produce a small quota of British films, but it could fulfil this obligation in the cheapest way the law permits, as most of the American companies have always done.

If Mr. Rank decided to do this, it would not only be a crippling blow to British film production, but a serious matter for thousands of cinema-owners, and a great embarrassment to the Board of Trade.

The restriction of studio-space, about which your contributor is especially querulous, is entirely due to wartime conditions. Studios already exist, capable of accommodating 500 or more productions a year, which can be made available as soon as circumstances permit. But is your correspondent not aware that, before the war, four-fifths of this space was continuously idle, and that the owners of this four-fifths would have been glad to get a tenant at almost any rent? What circumstances have since arisen to make the mere availabillty of cheap studio space a panacea for British film production?

Incidentally, I am amazed at your correspondent's statement that the British public seems to prefer the average American film to the British. The truth is that the *average* American film takes less than half as much at our box-offices as the average British film.

Those of us who have the interests of British film production sincerely at heart cannot do other than hope that Mr. Rank will be successful. The great misfortune is that he is the only figure in the industry in a position to tackle the immensely difficult task involved; there would be more chance of success if we had three or four others like-minded with similar resources. It is to be hoped that the Government may be able to find means of so encouraging British production that these others are enabled to emerge. For if the attempt should fail, the British industry will have to abandon the making of high-cost productions and to limit itself to films whose cost can be recovered in the home market alone. This would perhaps constitute the "national film industry" for which your contributor clamours, but it would also inevitably mean a great decline in the quality of British films; and the screens of the world would remain, as, apparently, your contributor so ardently desires, the unchallenged domain of Hollywood culture.

FRANK LAUNDER,
Hon. Sec. Screenwriters Assn.

SIR,—I am known to agree so strongly with the views expressed by the unnamed author of the article "Films Across the Sea" that I am led to wonder if my friends Boulting, Greenwood and Miles do not suspect me of hitherto undisplayed literary talents. I am innocent of it, I assure them, but I am happy to offer Anon my support for what it may be worth. It seems to me that they are splitting hairs in the points that they raise. To-day, the American market *is* the small group of buyers whose concerted policy it appears to be to exclude British films; agreed that it may be possible eventually to create an interest among the American public which in turn may influence the buyers to depart from their policy, but that is a long shot indeed and I for one wish I knew how it could be achieved. Equally, *of course*, it is nonsense to suggest the reasons given for the failure of our films there; but again Anon is being consistent—these nonsense reasons are the very ones constantly being advanced to us by the present controllers of the market. Nor does Anon suggest that our future product should be confined to "documentary, cultural and experimental films," but who in their senses can protest against the fullest development of these as a concomitant to the output of the commercial studios—and, indeed, as an influence on that output?

No, Anon hits the mark. If anything, he does not go far enough. Not only national studios, but a national film bank as well is required—with an administration which will ensure that production will be in the hands of professional men with a pride in their work and not in the hands of those who dream of quick riches and look on the production of films, as a painful but necessary means towards that end. Above all, let us not try to make films for the American market; nothing, in my view, is so retrogressive as all this talk of importing American technicians merely in order to ensure that our films will be comprehensible in the Middle West. America did not need to have British technical advisers on the sets of their gangster films to ensure that James Cagney would be understood in Balham, Wigan or Cardiff. No, Balham, Wigan and Cardiff rose to the task of understanding Cagney because the films were good and truly American. I can trust the Middle West equally to cope with Laurence Olivier, David Niven, Ralph Richardson and even with the native patois of Tommy Trinder, if only the Middle West is given a chance to do so.

As to the question of whether Hollywood will see the sense and justice of a reciprocal arrangement or not, the answer lies with us as much as with Hollywood. I have pointed out before that we have cards in our hands too; not the least of these is to compete with America first in our own market by concentrating on making the greatest possible number of good British films, springing naturally out of Britain's life. It may seem strange at first examination that by cutting down America's revenue in Britain we can hope to persuade them to lose some of their American revenue to British films. In point of fact it is a possible solution. The effect of sufficiently strong competition in the U.K. would be to force down American negative costs (so much do they rely on returns from this country) and so alter the economic structure of their production industry there that a British entry into their market may not be so painful an operation for them. But a final word of warning: no good will come of our achieving this result by raising *our* negative costs. It is technical skill and creative talent that make good films—not millions—and this skill and this talent *can* be developed on a large scale here and acquired at reasonable cost.

MICHAEL BALCON

Ealing Studios.

CHINA AND THE MACHINE AGE

SIR,—Mr. Wellock's letter regarding Mr. Hsiao's article on machinery aroused my greatest attention. As a Chinese student learning machine-making in this country, I think I ought to say something.

I believe that respect for the individual is the "control switch" for the use of machinery under the present social system, though all human civilisation should aim at an ultimate humanism where no control switch is needed. Personally, I do not know Mr. Hsiao, but I share his opinion, though I have my own explanation. In Nazi Germany individualism has surrendered completely to totalitarism. Cannon has been given priority over butter and petrol equals blood. This results in a most fierce war machine. Britain stands against this and thus saves Western civilisation. In America the amazing production rate and the use of unskilled labour have further diminished the importance of the human factor. The four trade union tourists from America have expressed the view that the average British worker is more skilful than the American. So we may say the British traditional respect for the individual has succeeded to a certain degree as a "control switch."

The use of machinery has been for the purpose of saving mankind from those hard and unpleasant labours and sparing more time for enjoying and enlightening. But now only a few can enjoy that. Who misplaced

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author of
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SEVEN TEMPEST

JONATHAN CAPE

it? It is the class difference handed down by the very old feudalism which lays the foundation and the profit-seeking capitalism which enhances it.

China will certainly use machinery to rebuild after the war.

In China, apart from agrarian problems which are intensified by external and internal factors old and new, which are too complex for discussion here, in a country where feudalism is too old to be influential and capitalism too young to be powerful, we may find a different role for machinery in our social life. A surer guarantee can be found if we go still further. Take up the difference between the Western and Eastern ideals of life. Westerners aim more at achievement and success, while we Chinese seek more for appreciation and understanding. As to the attitude towards life, Westerners are more like active performers, and Chinese selfless observers. In a life journey, man of action looks forward to the future and pushes on straightforward without stop. I admit that the average Westerner has achieved more than the average Chinese during his life in the past several centuries. A thinking man stops now and then to look back, to appraise and to enjoy what he has got no matter how humble it is. As a result his progress is slower and the range shorter, but he has fewer chances of going wrong. Of course, the difference is not clear cut. Both functions exist in any person and both types exist in any community.

The Chinese seem more moved by tradition and less dragooned by fashion. The past century proved it. A machine can do anything except think. China happens to be a nation of thinkers. China is an old country, but a virgin land for the use of machinery. Give us a chance to try. We shall view it with that attitude and use it for that ideal which is our own. But we need very much good wishes and kind guidance like that of Mr. Wellock from all senior countries of mechanised civilisation, and especially Britain as the most experienced.

YOUNG CHEN-TZE

THE VIRTUES OF EXAMINATION

SIR,—It is doubtless presumptuous of me to disagree with both Aristotle and Joad, but I fear that they are both wrong. If, as the White Paper lays down, education is to be "suitable to the child's age and aptitudes," then it no longer makes sense to speak of an education for which "all have the need but few the desire." There is no such education. The view that "learning being repugnant to the young, the sooner the technique of it is mastered the better," simply does not fit the facts. The issue is subtle and delicate and is not to be disposed of by Joad's triumphant annihilation of straw men. May I quote a philosopher less unacquainted than Aristotle with modern educational thought? "The pupil's mind," says Whitehead, "is a growing organism. On the one hand, it is not a box to be ruthlessly packed with alien ideas: and, on the other hand, the ordered acquirement of knowledge is the natural food for a developing intelligence. Accordingly, it should be the aim of an ideally constructed education that the discipline should be the voluntary issue of free choice, and that the freedom should gain an enrichment of possibility as the issue of discipline. The two principles, freedom and discipline, are not antagonists, but should be so adjusted in the child's life that they correspond to a natural sway, to and fro, of the developing personality." Whitehead goes on: "That knowledge which adds greatness to character is knowledge so handled as to transform every phase of immediate experience. It is in respect to the activity of knowledge that an over-vigorous discipline in education is so harmful. The habit of active thought, with freshness, can only be generated by adequate freedom. Undiscriminating discipline defeats its own object by dulling the mind."

Bertrand Russell, who has the advantage over Joad and Aristotle of having actually conducted a school for young children on modern lines, concluded that "it is not necessary to conduct a school on the assumption that the children would prefer to remain ignorant." The trouble with this assumption, which Joad seems to accept, is that, acted upon, it will appear to verify itself. The teacher who holds it, ignoring the child's nature, will use methods to overcome its repugnance to learning which are only too likely to create this very repugnance. And conversely.

Finally, I should like to refer to competition. "The desire to do better than the other boy is what keeps most young brains up to scratch." Firstly, this view, whether true or false, is irrelevant to the subject of contemporary examinations. Most modern examinations are qualifying, not competitive. Secondly, the competitive spur is unlikely to be powerful except among the abler pupils, who, given good teaching, need it least. The boy who has a chance to be first may work hard in order to be first. The boy who is sixteenth is not so likely to be exhilarated at the thought of being fourteenth. The boy who is bottom may be so discouraged by the publicly announced failure that he gives up all real effort. Every schoolmaster has come across such boys. In short, competition, as a teaching technique, succeeds where it is least needed and fails where it is most needed.

W. B. CURRY,
Headmaster.

The School,
Dartington Hall.

SOUTH KENSINGTON LABOUR

SIR,—It was with interest I read of the difficulties encountered by a would-be member of the South Kensington Labour Party.

I wrote Mr. Gee about three months ago stating that I wished to become a member of the Labour Party. His reply was a letter stressing the fact that he felt I had not fully realised the full implication of joining the Labour Party. Attached to this letter was a statement typed by himself setting out all the various movements one was not permitted to join; in fact, the wording of the whole statement gave one the impression that there were insurmountable difficulties to overcome before one could join his Party. He wound up this letter (which, by the way, I handed to a Labour M.P.) with the remark that if, after reading the statement, I still wished to become a member, would I fill in the application form enclosed and send it to him with as large a subscription as possible. He stressed the fact that the South Kensington branch was entirely non-active.

Other people I have met in the district have had similar experiences. The impression left in my mind was that I had been rather presumptuous in trying to join the Labour Party. I am afraid I have taken no further steps in the matter, but feel that if other readers of your paper living in the district could become members of this particular branch we might be able to put South Kensington Labour Party back "on the map."

V. K. LANGMAID

20 Sussex Mansions, S.W.7.

RUSSIAN MATCHES

SIR,—Maurice Edelman represents me as having joined in a front-page howl with the *Sunday Chronicle* and *The Daily Mirror* against the "poison gas from Moscow." He goes on to say in his next paragraph, "A month later, they muttered in small type the admission that the matches were not Russian at all."

This is not true. The matches were Russian; and if your correspondent cares, he may see them. He may also see a copy of the posters issued in this country of the Hammer and Sickle imposed over the figure of Christ.

I have always supported the Russian people as a nation, and as a fighting nation, even during the last war, when the poor devils went into battle without arms. I am prepared to give them credit for all they are doing in this War; but it does not alter my opinion of Communism, though they have a perfect right to be Communists if they so desire. That is the spirit of true democracy.

House of Commons. ALFRED DENVILLE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

In 1864, three years after Matthew Arnold had dissected Francis Newman's translation of the Iliad, a yet more famous controversy arose. In reviewing Froude's *History of England*, Charles Kingsley accused Francis's brother, the far better known John Henry, of having said that the pursuit of truth for its own sake was not necessarily a virtue. Newman denied the allegation; and after an exchange of letters Kingsley apologised, saying that he was glad to accept Newman's word that he did not mean to countenance such doctrines. Newman promptly published the correspondence with a brilliantly witty summary of its drift:

> Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming, "Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Fr. Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr. Kingsley replies, "You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you." I make answer, "Oh . . . *Not* it seems as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr. Kingsley relaxes:—"Do you know I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin, "*Mean it*! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic." Mr. Kingsley replies, "I waive that point." I object:—"Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it, as directly, as distinctly, as publicly; or to own you can't!" "Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it, I really will." My *word!* I am dumb. Somehow I thought it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a professor of lying that he does not lie!

The use of the word *relaxes* in this passage alone establishes Newman's mastery of the ironic style. . . . Enraged, Kingsley published a pamphlet saying that while he acccepted Newman's word that he did not mean what he said, *What then did Dr. Newman mean?*

So crushing was the publication of the *Apologia* that the luckless Protestant, gnawed by self-recrimination, retired to convalesce at Biarritz. In vain did his biographer proclaim that a pamphlet by the Rev. Fred. Meyrick entitled *But was not Kingsley right after all?* was never answered. It was clear that his blunt, insulated wits were inadequate for the struggle, clear that his method of stating the truth was to overstate it, to pepper the whole countryside in the hope that a shot or two would nick the target. Kingsley is sometimes criticised for the severity of his attack; but then Newman had in the past excoriated with almost equal acerbity the Broad Church party which Kingsley supported, whose intellectual leader had been Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Matthew's father, and which included his cronies, Tom Hughes and F. D. Maurice. But it was not only the heat of the struggle which prevented the protagonists from seeing light. They had only three things in common; they were both religious, both poets and both had published novels about the early Christians. In temperament and intellect the two men were irrevocably alien. Kingsley proclaimed himself a Chartist, and preached fiery sermons on the brotherhood of man; he advocated the use of chloroform in childbirth; he denounced teetotalism as a Pharisaical measure; he hallooed Huxley and Mill away, tried boldly to follow those two brazen thrusters. The energy of his eager bull-dog mind was inexhaustible. Like Francis Newman's it was a baggage of curiosities: the Nordic cult, the occult properties of plants, mesmerism, folk-lore and alchemy—all were examined with equal fury and inaccuracy. Kingsley represented that liberalism in thought and politics which Newman so bitterly opposed, even to the extent of averting his eyes from the Tricolour when he saw it flying from a French vessel in Algiers. Whatever one may think of Kingsley's intellectual processes, his courage was unquestionable. Whether the acceptance of evolution and rationalism destroyed that system of belief which he held is a matter of opinion; but at least he did not evade the conflict or deny its existence.

Enthusiasm in the search for truth is not, however, enough. When, in the contest between Aeschylus and Euripides which Aristophanes staged in the *Frogs*, the two poets offer up prayers to the Muses, Euripides prays for eloquence, understanding and critical acumen; and he adds, "When ranged in argument, may I reason aright." This was a prayer unknown to Kingsley. He accused Newman of twisting facts to prove his case; yet if one pauses over the introduction to his *Saint's Tragedy*, each page appears to be written by the hand of a mean, parched bigot, practised in dishonesty, penetrated by deceit and possessed of a disingenuous scrupulosity on all insignificant issues which is equalled only by his disregard for facts, values and logic. Moreover, he was one of the architects of the Victorian conception that manly character was a sufficient substitute for brains: for did he not advance against Newman the charge of Socrates's accusers—a charge customarily preferred by the muscular against intellectuals—of corrupting youth?

But then a study of Newman's logic is also rewarding. This saintly, sensitive, contumacious yet humble creature was granted an unsurpassed intellectual apparatus and it was his lot to be perpetually mistaken and misinterpreted. His ability to see every distinction and difficulty, to thread his way through the undergrowth which luxuriates on the foot-hills of theology, to emerge unscathed by the beasts which wait in their lairs for feebler intellects, evoked at once the devoted admiration of his friends and the obloquy of his antagonists. His friends were devoted, they admired . . . and yet they were eventually either repelled or repulsed. A chilling, uninviting draught of air met those who crossed the threshold of the Newman family. Francis opened his heart to none. Charles Robert, an atheist, cut himself off from the world, renounced his family connections and gave himself up to broody cogitations and censorious judgments. John Henry was of a warmer disposition; he loved Hurrell Froude and Ambrose St. John passionately and profoundly, yet to the rest of his party he displayed a baffling complexity and remained imperturbably isolated. He sympathised with certain Continental liberal Catholics, yet broke with Lord Acton; he supported W. G. Ward, opposed Gallicanism; Manning and Faber attracted him not. Though surrounded by disciples, he could never lead a party, for his mind was unable to discern truth in clear-cut principles. And if so difficult for his friends to understand, how much more so for his enemies! Perhaps Mr. G. M. Young best explains in an engaging essay on Gladstone the difficulties which Newman's opponents encountered.

> Often when I am reading Newman an unholy analogy presents itself and, as he would have said, "stains my imagination." I cannot help thinking of those African virgins who, in Gibbon's language, "admitted priests and deacons to their bed and gloried amidst the flames in their unsullied purity." He is always skimming along on the verge of a logical catastrophe, and always relying on his dialectic ability to save himself from falling: always exposing what seems to be an unguarded spot, and always revealing a new line of defence when the unwary assailant has reached it. I am not sure it is not a general characteristic of Oxford.

Precisely: but Gibbon's own comment on the result of playing fast and loose with normality should also be noted. The virgins might indeed decide to "encounter the enemy in the closest engagement. . . But insulted Nature sometimes vindicated her rights, and this new species of martyrdom served only to introduce a new scandal into the Church." Nature and common sense, crude and loutish though they be, will not be flouted; they punish those who fly in their face too waywardly. To despatch an intellectual *feu de joie* into the empyrean is an elegant, and often a profitable, accomplishment; but if one wishes seriously to mould the world into the shape of one's thoughts, one should restrict these divertisements to a minimum. One can draw too delicate distinctions, conjure with too severely chiselled syllogisms—there comes a time when subtlety defeats its own ends. The mellifluous, weary tones of Matthew Arnold can be heard in the distance, "To handle these matters properly there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight tends to destroy the balance. Temper destroys it, a crotchet destroys it, even erudition may destroy it."

Such is the disadvantage of this method of argument, whose most famous exponent was Newman, and which to-day finds its most ignoble expression in the speeches of Lord Simon. Cries of rage break from the victims impaled on the barbs of Newman's subtlety. Anthony Froude renounced him when he said that, concerning the controversy between Galileo and the Church, we may believe both sides to be true till we know what motion is. But Newman had in fact added:

> If our idea of motion be but an accidental result of our present senses, neither proposition is true and both are true, neither true philosophically, both true for certain practical purposes in the system in which they are respectively found.

Newman had gained his point. Not only gained it, but, it might be argued, has been proved considerably more right than Froude by Relativity. Yet no wonder Froude blinked his eyes, for what devil's advocate had silently entered the room to stand by Newman's shoulder when he penned those words? It was the arch-rationalist, the scourge of theologians, Hume. And if one employs Hume to rescue one from a logical dilemma, why not employ him earlier, in the very first stages of argument? If one apprehends the truth of facts by one's senses rather than one's reason, then no creed can be universally true, for all depends on temperament.

It was not, however, only Newman's subtlety in argument which caused Kingsley, Froude and Huxley to misinterpret his meaning. They were opposed to the great engine itself, Newman's whole methodology of thought. Bereft of all its absurdities, the core of Kingsley's question still remains: was Newman talking an intellectual language in which all those capable of understanding it could converse? Frail and feeble rationalists must conclude, I think, that he was not. Consider his analysis of the nature of Evidence in the *Essays on Scripture Miracles and Ecclesiastical* and in the *Via Media*, and then reflect whether the canyon which separates rationalists from Hegelians or Marxists is not as many fathoms deep as that which separates them from Newman. .

It is inevitable that it should be so. For great controversies, such as those which produce works like the *Apologia*, spring from the conflict between philosophies. If either adversary could understand the other, they would never take place.

> Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live *alone*.

Ah! Matthew Arnold was right, one sighs: all argument is a vanity—or so it appears as one reels disconsolately home at three in the morning after a dinner party of disputation, on foot and in the rain. To-morrow night one will probably be arguing again, accusing *X* of being a Manichee, proving *Y* guilty of passing a moral judgment when an æsthetic judgment alone was permissible. But to-night, after a siege against the stupidity and insularity which always apparently seizes the mind of one's opponents, misanthropy overwhelms one . . . how futile it is to attempt to convince by argument . . . it helps not, it avails not, talk no more.

NOEL ANNAN

A WORLD POET

Roman Vergil. By W. JACKSON KNIGHT. *Faber.* 15s.

This is a remarkable work. The present reviewer, whose interest in Virgil, though never ceasing, was that of an amateur, was constantly amazed to see what vast strides had been taken in Virgilian study in the last few years. In addition to more general authorities, he had been content to take down so elementary a book as a volume of Sidgwick—a relic from his schoolboy library—adding to it the assistance of Conington and Nettleship, to whom Mr. Knight refers just once, and of Sellar, whom he does not mention at all. One would have thought these enough: it must be, at any rate, difficult to say anything new about so well-worn a topic; and yet even Mr. Knight is far from satisfied with what he has accomplished—there is more to come, and always will be more. "Almost everything that can be said of Virgil," he observes, "is part of one side of the truth"; and he gives plain hints that another volume is coming.

There are seven chapters, dealing with very various subjects: the first with the world as it was before and in Virgil's time; an epoch to which there is no exact parallel in history. But one can easily understand that when, after a century of confusion, Augustus had brought peace and unity to the world, and was making the Empire ready "humanum genus communi nomine fovere," all men should feel as if they had lighted on a happy age, and men of genius should desire to celebrate it in a worthy manner. As Spenser desired to give poetical expression to similar feelings as they stirred in the breasts of the subjects of Elizabeth, so, with even more passion, would Virgil desire to give expression to the feelings of the subjects of Augustus—keenly as, with his native modesty, he appreciated the immense difficulties of the task. "Seven centuries of extraordinary deeds by ordinary men," as Mr. Knight pointedly says at the very beginning of his book, "had made a city a world," and those who were privileged in that noon to be alive cannot have failed to feel a glow of pride and an impulse to use their powers to the utmost. In an excellent opening chapter Mr. Knight describes this age.

Having thus given the necessary preparation, he goes on to deal with "Virgil's Life and Work," discussing not only the certainly genuine poems, but those in the so-called "Appendix," some of which are more than probably spurious. To many critics, especially Germans, some of whom have thought that Virgil mistook his poetic vocation, the Georgics have appeared as his greatest actual achievement; but, great as is their worth, most people will be content, with Dante, to give that place to the sixth Aeneid; and they will be glad to see that Mr. Knight, on the grounds of theme, treatment, style, and versification, is plainly of their opinion—though many will continue to stagger at the gate by which Aeneas emerges from Hades.

Mr. Knight briefly, but quite adequately, disposes of the old question of Virgil's originality. From the very first he has been censured by dullards for "stealing," and especially for stealing from Homer. "The most obvious fact is the excellence of the poetry written by the derivative poets." Nor, in truth, do we know who are the originals. The sun's a thief; and, for all we can tell, Homer himself is pilfering at every turn. Perhaps all great poets, and certainly all great critics, have been more than willing to recognise that to say an absolutely new thing is all but impossible, and that all you can aim at doing is to say it in your own way, and in a fashion suited to its new context. Does the borrower thus repay the debt? It is to this process, when successful, that Mr. Knight applies the word "integration," the use of which saves both him and his readers much trouble. A man with the poetic gift, in the productive mood, happening to read, or hear, or remember, some passage, or even some word, of another poet, is stirred by it to compose poetry of his own, and poetry which would not have been the same if he had not that passage in his conscious or subconscious mind. As a rule, perhaps, Virgil's borrowings from Homer were of the conscious and deliberate class; the story is well known how, when certain men censured him for stealing from Homer, he replied, "Steal in my fashion if you can. *You* will find it as easy to rob Hercules of his club as to rob Homer of a single line." When the phrase of a poet works thus in the mind of a poet, the process is "integration," and the borrower is enabled to bring out of his treasury things new and old.

The effect of Mr. Knight's work, especially here, will be, we think, to restore Virgil, if not entirely, yet very nearly, to the position he held for so long. Once again one is inclined to say,

> Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Grai;
> Nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade.

For ourselves, while regarding him as a lesser *man*, for example, than Lucretius, we feel that he was a "correcter" poet; and we hold but loosely those slightly depreciatory feelings which, we fancy, we shared with other critics of recent times. The wheel has come nearly full circle.

We have left ourselves no space to do more than refer to Mr. Knight's other chapters. Here we find, arranged and analysed, specimens of the poet's figures of speech, a summary of the particles he favours or avoids, a comparison, in this respect, between him and other Latin poets, and a most able analysis of his style. In addition, we are told about the manuscripts, which, as we possess them, Mr. Knight considers differ in no material degree from the ones which Varius and Tucca handed to Augustus.

Lastly, as in duty bound, Mr. Knight speaks of "Virgil and After," telling how, from the very first, there gathered a mass of adoring legends. He became, in the minds of the early Christians, one of themselves, or at least the greatest forerunner of Christianity—he was a very early one, fit to guide a Dante, if not to Paradiso, through Inferno and Purgatorio. If St. Paul had but met him alive in Naples, "greatest of poets," what would he not have made of him! He became a magician, and the books describing his achievements were many and famous. "Les Faicts merveilleux de Virgille" was edited again and again, and translated into nearly all European languages. This is real glory.

Had one expressed one's opinion of the book after a first reading, one might easily, and rightly, have spoken in terms of unqualified eulogy; but this is assuredly not what Mr. Knight wants. As we come to look at things more closely, we ask whether he has really solved some of the questions which recur to us. And, moreover, the question whether Virgil is really an epic poet after all. If, as Aristotle says, the most important thing is the *mythos* or story, is Virgil's story a success? A mythos needs a hero, and Aeneas has little of the heroic about him. As Mr. Knight says with truth, he has his faults—"a hot irrational cruelty at first in Troy; a hardness of heart, perhaps too easily imposed on him by heaven, at Carthage; and a colder cruelty in the fighting in Italy, when he is capable of sheer revenge on Turnus, and even plans, but only plans, to sacrifice human captives at the funeral of Pallas." This is, of course, what Achilles both planned and did at the funeral of Patroclus, but Aeneas lacks that redeeming grace which Homer contrives to give to his hero. If Aeneas is meant in any degree, to represent Augustus, the Emperor must, one thinks, have read the story with mingled feelings.

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STEPHEN HAGGARD

'll Go to Bed at Noon. By Stephen Haggard. *Faber.* 5s.

This short book consists of some sixteen poems and seven letters addressed by a young actor to his sons in 1940. The short interval between seeing them off to America and receiving his call-up papers he decided to use writing these letters so as to leave his children, in the event of his being killed, some idea of the kind of person their father was. He was killed in 1943. It will be easy for them to pick up from this book the essential thing about him. He was an artist; his life—or such small part of it as our civilisation allowed him—was devoted to a belief in the importance and value of the arts, at several of which he tried his hand, pursuing them to the very best of his ability, training himself for that pursuit, and satisfied with nothing less than his best.

There is no point in trying, on the evidence of the few things he finished, to assess his achievement or to count the loss. The pathos which readers will find sharp in these letters comes from the high hopes which they shyly reveal, compared with the limited achievement which time allowed him. He was 29 when he wrote these letters, and, a late developer, confessed to feeling only 25. It had taken him a long time to release his own personality and he had yet to find his direction. His talents were still undirected, still dispersed over his various enthusiasms, for poetry, play-writing, novels, teaching, producing, and, of course, for acting, from which he made his living. He might have succeeded at any one of them. He did indeed succeed at one and, but for being an artist, could have achieved an even greater popular success; he could have been content to exploit his personality, as many actors (and some writers) do, and so turned himself into a "star." He was not, however, interested in success but in his art and, besides turning down "fantastic offers from Hollywood," he boasts—it is the only trace of a boast in his very modest book—that he never took a good part in a bad play so long as he could get a bad part in a good play instead. Such disinterestedness is rare enough nowadays, particularly in the theatre where the temptations are strong. He was fortunate, of course, in achieving success early by a lucky accident, but even so it takes character not to be diverted by it.

It is a comment on the English theatre that he should have won this early success, as he himself admits, on the strength only of enthusiasm and sincerity, not of acting ability. It is a common national failing to prefer the amateur to the professional. Haggard himself knew better. It was only after he had been working hard for seven years that he felt his performances began to approach the adequate.

Even so he was not satisfied. The English theatre is a difficult place for anyone who is serious yet depends upon it for his living. Commercial managements do not bother about training and developing a young actor; they flourish by the crudest kind of type-casting. Haggard, who fell easily into the role of the stumbling, shy, awkward adolescent by which he made his success, was peculiarly vulnerable to this. Continuity of employment in a group working as a co-operative whole, and the chances to experiment with oneself under consistently good production, these are necessary conditions for an actor who takes his art seriously and they are conditions which hardly exist here. Haggard was naturally drawn towards the "schools" of Stanislavsky or Granville Barker; it seems probable that he might have found himself in helping to establish something of the sort in England, for it would have centred all his enthusiasms, talents, and aims.

All, anyhow except one. For he had a curiously unmodern thirst for fame. Not success among his contemporaries, but fame in posterity. He wanted above all things to leave behind him something perfectly done by which he would be remembered, and this was a strong incentive in his trying literature as well as acting. Like too many others he was cut short. To the small volume of his work which shows the promise of sensibility, this little book adds a touching affirmation of his hope for his own future and his belief in the value of art, so that it is easy to imagine him assenting to Henry James: 'It is art which *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance . . . and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process."

T. C. Worsley

A DEFENCE OF VALUE

The Abolition of Man. By C. S. Lewis. *Oxford University Press.* 2s. 6d.

The Riddell Memorial Lectures delivered last summer in the University of Durham by C. S. Lewis have recently been published by the Oxford University Press under the title of *The Abolition of Man.* Mr. Lewis is a powerful and original thinker; he has a considerable contemporary reputation—somebody called him recently the uncrowned king of Oxford—and in his role of defender of orthodoxy against the assaults of modern doubt, he is the legitimate inheritor of the mantle of G. K. Chesterton. Unlike Chesterton, however, he has succeeded in making people very angry. He is cocksure, they say, and priggish, and they charge him with covertly bringing back the devil under a barrage of hearty Christian jokes. But although there may be two opinions about the matter of his views, there can be only one about his manner of expressing them. He writes clearly and cogently and achieves one of the most difficult of literary feats, that of making righteousness readable.

The present lectures are eminently readable. So continuous is the flow of argument that, as in a good detective story, one reads on from sentence to sentence impelled by one's eagerness to find out what is to happen next. Those who like a gay and vigorous dissertation by which the mind is carried irresistibly along, sometimes titillated, often buffeted, from premises to conclusion, will read these lectures at a sitting.

Their argument is briefly as follows: there is a moral order in the universe which Mr. Lewis, borrowing the expression from Lao Tse, calls the Tao. This order is not constructed by us in the sense of being projected by the human mind on to the canvas of a meaningless universe; it is found and recognised by the human mind in the course of its exploration of the universe. The mind's report on the Tao constitutes the highest common factor in the teachings of the great religions. In an appendix Mr. Lewis illustrates the findings of the report by quotations from the sacred texts, the theologians and the moralists of all ages and many peoples, on beneficence, duty to parents, justice, good faith, mercy, magnanimity and so on. He is concerned to show the similarity of these reports. The universe, he concludes, has moral and also aesthetic qualities in its own right. It is, therefore, a meritorious universe; it merits, that is to say, a certain kind of response from us; this response is right living.

This teaching which represents the *philosophia perennis* of the European tradition has been largely forgotten by the modern world. Mr. Lewis gives examples. Here, for instance, is a textbook for children in which Coleridge's story of the man who called the waterfall "sublime" evokes the comment that what Coleridge really ought to

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A WORLD POET

Roman Vergil. By W. JACKSON KNIGHT. *Faber.* 15*s.*

This is a remarkable work. The present reviewer, whose interest in Virgil, though never ceasing, was that of an amateur, was constantly amazed to see what vast strides had been taken in Virgilian study in the last few years. In addition to more general authorities, he had been content to take down so elementary a book as a volume of Sidgwick—a relic from his schoolboy library—adding to it the assistance of Conington and Nettleship, to whom Mr. Knight refers just once, and of Sellar, whom he does not mention at all. One would have thought these enough: it must be, at any rate, difficult to say anything new about so well-worn a topic; and yet even Mr. Knight is far from satisfied with what he has accomplished—there is more to come, and always will be more. "Almost everything that can be said of Virgil," he observes, "is part of one side of the truth"; and he gives plain hints that another volume is coming.

There are seven chapters, dealing with very various subjects: the first with the world as it was before and in Virgil's time; an epoch to which there is no exact parallel in history. But one can easily understand that when, after a century of confusion, Augustus had brought peace and unity to the world, and was making the Empire ready "humanum genus communi nomine fovere," all men should feel as if they had lighted on a happy age, and men of genius should desire to celebrate it in a worthy manner. As Spenser desired to give poetical expression to similar feelings as they stirred in the breasts of the subjects of Elizabeth, so, with even more passion, would Virgil desire to give expression to the feelings of the subjects of Augustus—keenly as, with his native modesty, he appreciated the immense difficulties of the task. "Seven centuries of extraordinary deeds by ordinary men," as Mr. Knight pointedly says at the very beginning of his book, "had made a city a world," and those who were privileged in that noon to be alive cannot have failed to feel a glow of pride and an impulse to use their powers to the utmost. In an excellent opening chapter Mr. Knight describes this age.

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STEPHEN HAGGARD

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T. C. WORSLEY

A DEFENCE OF VALUE

The Abolition of Man. By C. S. LEWIS. *Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.*

The Riddell Memorial Lectures delivered last summer in the University of Durham by C. S. Lewis have recently been published by the Oxford University Press under the title of *The Abolition of Man*. Mr. Lewis is a powerful and original thinker; he has a considerable contemporary reputation—somebody called him recently the uncrowned king of Oxford—and in his role of defender of orthodoxy against the assaults of modern doubt, he is the legitimate inheritor of the mantle of G. K. Chesterton. Unlike Chesterton, however, he has succeeded in making people very angry. He is cocksure, they say, and priggish, and they charge him with covertly bringing back the devil under a barrage of hearty Christian jokes. But although there may be two opinions about the matter of his views, there can be only one about his manner of expressing them. He writes clearly and cogently and achieves one of the most difficult of literary feats, that of making righteousness readable.

The present lectures are eminently readable. So continuous is the flow of argument that, as in a good detective story, one reads on from sentence to sentence impelled by one's eagerness to find out what is to happen next. Those who like a gay and vigorous dissertation by which the mind is carried irresistibly along, sometimes titillated, often buffeted, from premises to conclusion, will read these lectures at a sitting.

Their argument is briefly as follows: there is a moral order in the universe which Mr. Lewis, borrowing the expression from Lao Tse, calls the Tao. This order is not constructed by us in the sense of being projected by the human mind on to the canvas of a meaningless universe; it is found and recognised by the human mind in the course of its exploration of the universe. The mind's report on the Tao constitutes the highest common factor in the teachings of the great religions. In an appendix Mr. Lewis illustrates the findings of the report by quotations from the sacred texts, the theologians and the moralists of all ages and many peoples, on beneficence, duty to parents, justice, good faith, mercy, magnanimity and so on. He is concerned to show the similarity of these reports. The universe, he concludes, has moral and also aesthetic qualities in its own right. It is, therefore, a meritorious universe; it merits, that is to say, a certain kind of response from us; this response is right living.

This teaching which represents the *philosophia perennis* of the European tradition has been largely forgotten by the modern world. Mr. Lewis gives examples. Here, for instance, is a textbook for children in which Coleridge's story of the man who called the waterfall "sublime" evokes the comment that what Coleridge really ought to

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have said was that the feelings of the man who looked at the waterfall were "sublime." By this method any reference beyond the emotion to a quality in the universe which (rightly or wrongly) arouses it is ruled out. But, as Mr. Lewis pertinently remarks, "to say that a shoe fits is to speak not only of shoes but feet." Now you cannot, he maintains, conjure value out of a world of pure fact, any more than you can draw an imperative mood out of indicative premises. If the universe contains only the natural order, it can yield only "I want" not "I ought"; only "I like this" not "this is good." In fact, however, we cannot live at all without making continual judgments of value which purport to mean more than "I want" and "I like." Thus in our own times, the traditional values of virtue and beauty having been unceremoniously kicked down the front door steps, covertly introduce themselves again through the back door entrance fashionably disguised as "efficiency," "integration" or "dynamism." In a final lecture, Mr. Lewis pictures a world in which man's conquest of Nature has become absolute. Commanding every means of visible support in the comforts of a Brave New World, he lacks invisible supports, having abolished God, the Tao and the values. By contraception, genetics, eugenics and conditioning, he has extended his conquest of Nature to himself and produces his species to the numbers, types and specifications required. Among the desired types will, no doubt, be those who exhibit most of the traditional virtues of the Tao. But these virtues are, of course, now known to be the products of man-moulding by the conditioners, and the conditioners themselves, therefore, will not be bound by the morality they embody. From what motives, then, will the conditioners act? Answer, presumably from the bare impulses of human nature. Thus "man's conquest of Nature turns out in the moment of its consummation to be Nature's conquest of man." In sum, then, the purpose of Mr. Lewis's lectures is to restore to the universe the values of which the moderns have disembowelled it. This is not the place for a discussion of his arguments; I include, however, an example of them. It takes the form of a criticism of the current doctrine of evolutionary ethics recently announced by Dr. Waddington under the memorable slogan, "We must accept the direction of evolution as good simply because it *is* good." Mr. Lewis comments: "If evolution is praised (or, at least, apologised for) on the ground of *any* properties it exhibits, then we are using an external standard and the attempt to make existence its own justification has been abandoned. If that attempt is maintained, why does Dr. Waddington concentrate on evolution: i.e. on a temporary phase of organic existence in one planet? This is 'geocentric.' If Good equals whatever Nature happens to be doing, then surely we should notice what Nature is doing as a whole; and Nature as a whole, I understand, is working steadily and irreversibly towards the final extinction of all life in every part of the universe, so that Dr. Waddington's ethics, stripped of their unaccountable bias towards such a parochial affair as tellurian biology, would leave murder and suicide as our only duties."

This comment seems to me to be final.

C. E. M. JOAD

DOCUMENTARY

Target: Germany. The U.S. Army Air Forces' Story of the VIII Bomber Command's First Year over Europe. *H. M. Stationery Office.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Skyways to Berlin. By MAJOR JOHN M. REDDING and MAJOR H. I. LEYSHON. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The earlier issues in the series—*Battle of Britain*, for example, and *Bomber Command*—were so incisive and actual that it seemed unlikely later additions could do more than repeat their success. Yet *Target: Germany*, one of the first pieces of American documentation to appear in this country, sets a new and even higher standard. The reader will pick up *Target: Germany*, like the others, for the sake of the illustrations. Magnificent photographs, scoops, a secret or two cunningly let slip: all we have come to expect of these Stationery Office publications. But when he turns from the illustrations and begins to read, an astonishing thing happens: he doesn't bother with the photographs any more, the narrative itself is more vivid. This is a supreme test of documentary writing, and the first chapter, "Mission 95," is the best reporting of its kind—cool, clear, exciting—that I have come across. It describes in detail a mission of the American Eighth Air Force over Europe; how it's planned, the men who take part, a particular crew and their journey there and back (they have to bale out over the Channel); the story moves smoothly and with a knife-sharp particularity from start to finish. Could this sort of writing—with every detail in place and not a purple word—be done better? I doubt it. Here is the description of the Forts wheeling out at dawn to their positions before taking off.

> From the Control Tower the complete pattern of the runways and the perimeter tracks on Group 500's station can be seen. At 0630 the Operational Staff is gathered along the railed balcony outside the Control Room. The field lies quiet in the sun; an ambulance moves slowly across the turf which lines the runways. Flying Control, eyeing his watch, nods. A two-pronged red flare arches over the centre of the field. The stillness is broken. From each scattered dispersal point there wells a spring of sound. Ragged at first, it builds and blends into a concerted roar. Still no movement is seen. The ambulances wait at the far end of a long runway. And then the first plane appears on the perimeter track at a distant corner of the field. It is followed by another. And another. They form into an elephantine line, nose to tail, and trundle slowly along, starting and stopping with awkward precision. The squeal of of brakes punctuates the roar of the engines. Two lines converge at the head of the runway, the gaps are closed, and then all movement ceases. In *Tarbaby*, which is to lead the Group, Pilot rests a forearm on the wheel and watches the second hand of his wrist watch. Two minutes and forty seconds to go.

Other chapters deal, in an equally vivid and factual style, with the arrival of the first Fortresses and Liberators in England; the aims and achievements of precision bombing; notable raids on Lille, Bremen, the Renault works near Paris; the depressions of an English winter; ground staff; co-operation of the R.A.F.—the whole year, in fact, of trial and growth that preceded the relentless full-scale attacks now being launched day after day over Germany. Despite the almost frightening efficiency of the writing, *Target: Germany* is full of personal touches; we get to know very well the fliers and their jobs, how they think, what they have to endure. This book will be a best-seller and will deserve to be.

The chattier side of the picture is given in *Skyways to Berlin*, by two press-relations officers. Some of their anecdotes are amusing, others thrilling, others—but the feeling is quickly stifled—tragic. Apart from operations, what most American fliers in England remember from this period is mud, Spam, Nissen huts and leave days in the West End. The book ends with the approach of the "Big Blitz." In its modest, jaunty way *Skyways to Berlin* should help Americans and English to understand each other better.

G. W. STONIER

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LIFE IN TSARIST RUSSIA

Subaltern in Old Russia. By A. A. IGNATYEV. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Every great revolution inevitably produces a host of polemics and autobiographies from members of the old ruling class living in embittered emigration. Of none is this more true than of the Russians. Lenin could never have realised what a wealth of strange literary talent he was driving out as his armies pushed the White rabble of princes, dukes and officers into the sea. Nearly all of them—now chauffeurs, butlers and soldiers of fortune—sat down when they reached Paris to write and dream of a golden life which so rudely and surprisingly had been snatched from their grasp. But few of them were ever able to subdue their passions enough to tell us what that life was really like. And none of them, so far as I know, ever showed the slightest understanding of the causes of the catastrophe which had swallowed up their monarchy, their whole class and the old regime.

Lieutenant-General Ignatyev is a man of a different calibre. A nobleman who shared his youth and his education with many who were later to become leaders of the counter-revolution —amongst them Mannerheim, Wrangel and Skoropadsky—when the test came he put his country before his class and went over to the Bolsheviks. To-day, he is a high officer in the Red Army. Why did a Count, Tsar's Page, Guards Officer and military attaché make such a choice? To answer, he has written, quite simply and dispassionately, the story of his life. This is no history of a revolutionary, no burning condemnation of an obsolete and cruel despotism; for that we must look back to Kropotkin's memoirs. No, Ignatyev is a professional soldier and a sensitive one at that. So he writes a fascinating report upon what he sees and feels as he grows up; first, in Siberia, where his father was Governor-General, then later, in St. Petersburg, where he is attached to the Court, attends all the ceremonial functions as a page to the Tsarina and has a superb opportunity of observing the decadence of aristocratic government.

Living in a narrow and artificial world, the rulers of the Russian Empire knew little and cared less about what went on outside their palaces:

> It never entered anyone's head, of course, to talk about anything; nobody thought of speaking about Russia, very few knew anything about abroad, and nobody even breathed a word about politics.

The army was a social hobby: it played with discussions of past campaigns; its crack regiments were exquisitely dressed—and appallingly fed and treated—and its training and equipment were just archaic. Ignatyev went to the General Staff Academy. Of a typical lecture there he writes:—

> . . . We were destined to spend hours dozing sweetly to the snuffling monotone of "Gershka" repeating practically verbatim as a lecture the matter out of one or another of his text-books. The memories of his audience became choked with the names of people and places, figures even to the depths of the moats of various medieval Dutch fortresses, dry and lifeless descriptions of the combats of knights . . . and the thirty-three campaigns of Eugene of Savoy.

This was the army that tried to fight the Japanese. Ignatyev went as a staff officer to the 1905 war. He writes of the incredible bravery and fortitude of the ragged troops who had to fight, not only against the enemy, but also against their command, for supplies, for some kind of leadership, even for existence as an army. As he sees the complete incompetence of the government, the breakdown of its clumsy machinery, the sordid causes of the war for which he has so blithely volunteered, Ignatyev begins to doubt for the first time his romantic illusions about his Tsar. At first it is his professional pride that is outraged; he is too isolated even to come into distant contact with the revolutionary movement. He just begins to doubt.

That is important, for it is the keynote of the book. There is hardly a word of politics in it. Ignatyev is content to let the events speak for themselves. Whether he is describing a ball at an imperial palace, a conversation with a fellow-officer, the state of the countryside as he passes through it, or the conduct of a battle, it is all entirely straightforward and objective. When he speaks of his own reactions he is always careful to explain which of them were felt at the time and which he interpolates in reflection. The result is an excellent and, I think, fair picture of those days. It is also a captivating study in the development of political convictions, not intellectually but emotionally, out of life's experience. So far, the narrative ends at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war. We are promised the sequel, dealing with the revolutions of 1905 and 1917. It is difficult to await it without impatience.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

WAR BOOKS

We Fought them in Gunboats. By LT.-CMDR. ROBERT HITCHENS, D.S.O., D.C.S., R.N.V.R. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

I Was an Eighth Army Soldier. By DRIVER ROBERT JOHN CRAWFORD, R.A.S.C., as narrated to Major John Dagleish. *Gollancz.* 4s. 6d.

Three Against Rommel. By ALEX CLIFFORD. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

The Merchant Navy at War. By CAPTAIN FRANK M. SHAW. *Stanley Paul.* 12s. 6d.

Find, Fix and Strike. By LT.-CMDR. TERENCE HORSLEY, R.N.V.R. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9s.

There are too many war books, and those listed above have been chosen from the more deserving. Two of the authors are crusaders, determined that the public shall know more about their respective, and, they seem to feel neglected, services. A third is ambitious enough to present the African campaign in its entirety. The remaining two pretend to do no more than tell straightforward stories. These, *We Fought Them in Gunboats* and *I was an Eighth Army Soldier*, benefit by their simplicity and come closest to the achievement of their aims.

Lt.-Cmdr. Hitchens, R.N.V.R., was killed last year while on an operation, a famous figure in Coastal Forces. His bravery, which won him the D.S.O. and Bar and the D.S.C. and two Bars, was one reason for this, but, more important, he was one of the leaders of the tactical development of the M.G.B. as a very efficient offensive craft. He, and others like him, lived and worked for these craft when they were only a little more than an idea: their faith has since been justified. Hitchen's book begins almost where his craft began, with the formation of the first flotilla. Then followed a long struggle to prove their worth, to prove that the gunboats had as important a part in the war of the "little ships" as the already acclaimed motor torpedo boats. However, the writer does not give a detailed account of the growth of the M.G.B.; the history grows clearly in the midst of calmly related but exciting accounts of night operations in the North Sea. The descriptions of these patrols and engagements, of the sea, the grace and the power of the author's boat, the enthusiastic crews and what can only be called the beauty of the whole is at most times exhilarating. Lt.-Cmdr. Hitchens was killed before his book was finished, but it is clear that he had already said all he wanted to say about

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FINANCING INDUSTRY

Our great bankers in their annual speeches were all at pains to show how the banks are making preparations to finance the turnover of industry from war to peace conditions. I would like to add a footnote from the insurance market, for the bankers can only modify, they cannot change, the first rule of banking, to lend on short term and to maintain a high degree of liquidity. By distinction a life assurance fund aims at lending on long term, and we therefore provide a supplementary service likely in some cases to be suited even better to the needs of the industrialist.

By keeping our money in the banks, instead of in our pockets or our stockings, each of us can help to lessen the risk of inflation. This argument can also be extended to cover the insurance market. The national good will be served by all those who have the wisdom to defer their spending until the tendency to boom and boom prices has evaporated—and life assurance is the very highest form of deferred spending. The benefit is national as well as personal, for a premium paid to an insurance office adds to those large accumulations of resources without which much necessary reconstruction cannot proceed.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

Every morning brings forth another suggestion for the replanning of some detail of our home or business lives; indeed, the arranging of other people's affairs may be said to be the fashionable modern occupation. There has thus been a broadening of the public mind, not always accompanied by the needful increase in depth. When everything has been replanned it will be for the public to decide whether the complications of control are likely to prove less chaotic than the inescapable confusion of freedom.

Company Meeting

BRIGHTON, HOVE AND WORTHING GAS

FUTURE OF THE INDUSTRY

THE annual general meeting of the Brighton, Hove and Worthing Gas Company was held on March 17th in London.

Mr. A. M. Paddon, M.Inst.C.E. (chairman of the company), in the course of his speech, said: Certain policies and certain suggestions are very prominent nowadays as to how the industry should be conducted, or should conduct itself, in the future. All sorts of suggestions have been made. One is that we have been hitherto subjected to legislative restrictions which are anachronistic and should be done away with. Statutory regulations and restrictions, although they do impose limitations, also afford a very great measure of protection, and that seems very largely to have been lost sight of.

Another school have pointed out that we should in future endeavour to reconstitute ourselves upon the "basis of integration." That process has been in existence for the last 50 years, but if it is to be adopted as a blind perfunctory policy of compelling different undertakings to be merged in each other without their mutual consent or without the justification of economic conditions, then I think it promises a very large measure of disaster. The industry is under almost every form of practical regulation at the present time and has been for at least a hundred years. There is a very great difference between statutory regulation and nationalisation, and I cannot help thinking that many of those who advocate a rather more active programme have as their ultimate object nationalisation. The report was adopted.

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gunboats. Towards the end the writing becomes hesitant, as if the author is struggling to write to a certain length. The reader of this book will, when next he reads a newspaper account of a "little ship" engagement in a curt communiqué, have an understanding of the picture behind those bare words.

Major Dagleish, a former journalist, has given the narrative of Driver Crawford book form. The professional journalist is sometimes a little too evident. Still, the book has merit, and not the least is a freedom from amateur strategy. Driver Crawford, of the R.A.S.C., tells how he and his companions lived and drove—and no more. We learn what they ate, how and when they ate it, what they wore and how they amused themselves when amusement was possible. In whichever direction they move across the desert we feel with them the absence of knowledge; they are playing their infinitesimal part of a great war, not always knowing why they drive north rather than south. But always obeying, bombed, shelled and machine-gunned, finding a private life, believing, and doing much more than making the best of things.

In *Three Against Rommel*, Mr. Alex. Clifford describes the whole African campaign under Generals Wavell, Auchinleck, and Alexander. The author, as a war correspondent, was with the forward troops for a great part of this almost separate war. His book alternates between personal experiences, and strategical summaries of the war as a whole. This gives an uneven effect to his work. Only an official history, or a history in which the author has had access to official records, can give a true picture of the war against Rommel. His personal experiences, on the other hand, are clear and interesting. With war diaries as common as daisies, one still feels that Mr. Clifford would have done better if he had chosen this form.

Captain Shaw is one of the crusaders. He appears to feel that the Merchant Navy still gets a poor deal, with no applause and no uniform. He almost neglects the fact that they get much more money than any other service, their danger money alone being much greater than the pay of an Able Seaman in the Navy. And, in any case, are they so greatly unappreciated? I very much doubt it. *The Merchant Navy at War* is a confused book, combining a history of the merchant service with heroic deeds performed by officers and men in this war. It should have been confined to either one or the other. Nevertheless, if a reader wants to know more about the service, life under the Red Duster, and the many fine deeds performed by these un-uniformed men, this book will help him.

The other crusader is Lt.-Cmdr. Horsley. His plea is more justified; the Fleet Air Arm has not had all the praise it deserves. *Find, Fix and Strike* will help to dispel public ignorance of this valuable striking force, but the book is too short. His history of the Air Arm is no more than a catalogue and the accounts of actions and personal adventures are too few. The illustrations are admirable and make a book in themselves.

CHARLES LANDERY

The Conquest of Italy. By LORD STRABOLGI. *Hutchinson.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Someday, when the statesmen and soldiers begin to tell tales of each other we shall, no doubt, get to the bottom of the various mysteries of the Italian section of the war. In the meantime Lord Strabolgi's account of the campaign, from the final victory in Tunis to the failure in the Aegean, is as good and as careful a record as we are likely to have. In wartime it is agreeable to get such excellent photographs. Lord Strabolgi's book is not a polemic, but a justly critical appraisal of a campaign that promised so much and developed so unhappily. He is certainly right in attributing much of the trouble to the unwieldy machinery of the United Nations. We might add that the muddle over the Aegean seems to have been the result not only of confused decisions, which meant that the right shipping was not available at the right place and time, but also of the division of Command. People have already forgotten that the Middle East and the North African and Italian Commands were not in the same hands. Lord Strabolgi, who ends his book with a chapter on the Balkans, has some pertinent remarks to make about Tito and Mihailovitch, and rightly attributes some of the further confusions to the dislike of the Allied Goverments to admitting that the war must be a war against Nazism and Fascism and not only against the German and Italian States.

From Learning to Earning. By P. I. KITCHEN. *Faber.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

This book contains an account of the Rugby Day Continuation School, the only school of the kind that survived the collapse in 1922 of the provisions for Day Continuation Schools contained in the Fisher Act. For 23 years Rugby has been a town—the only one in the country—in which part-time education between the years of 14 and 16 has been compulsory for all children. The record of this unique educational adventure, valuable at any time, has a special interest at a moment when the Government has announc its intention of establishing after the war a system part-time education for young people at You People's Colleges. It is impossible to read M Kitchen's admirable account without concluding ho much better it would have been for the country a whole if the facilities available at Rugby had be extended to a whole generation. It is difficult, f example, to believe that some of the more imbeci of the slogans upon which elections were foug would have had quite the same success, difficult believe that our foreign policy could have bee pursued with an equivalent absence of public intere and apprehension during the disastrous years of th Thirties, if the post-war generation had been educate in the elementary duties and responsibilities of citizenship. For it is this, the training in public intere and the conferring of the knowledge to make th interest effective even more than the training in self government and the practice of working a democracy— *e.g.* School Committees consisting of pupils organise the day's activities and the Chairmen and Secretaries the Committees constituted the School Council— which emerges as, perhaps, the chief benefit whic the Rugby Day Continuation School bestowed upo its pupils.

Mr. Kitchen thinks of the school primarily as a escort to the young person during his or her first yea in industry. He defines the duties of a good escor as helping in a wise selection of employment, conferrin physical welfare and fitness, giving instruction in th happy and profitable use of leisure and, finally, imparting a certain amount of knowledge both vocational and non-vocational. Where, one wonders, can these very valuable things be done, given and learnt better than at school.

The Relevance of Greek Poetry. By J. T. SHEPPARD. *Oxford University Press.* 8*d*.

Is Greek "little lace," a luxury with which we can dispense in our education, leaving it to be picked up either by eccentrics or in translation without a glance at the text? What is to be its future in the world which our educational planners are now designing? Is there one among them who is determined like Colet that the boys whom he is to teach shall not be robbed of it? Such are the thoughts which flicker through the calm, glowing fire of this lecture delivered last year by the Provost of King's College, Cambridge. Its theme is the answer to these questions. If our minds are disciplined by Latin, they are nourished by Greek. Those without it who cannot stumble through a book of Homer, a play of Sophocles, crib in hand, are by that much the poorer. And it is not

LARGEST IN THE WORLD
HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY
INCREASED ASSETS
Extracts from the 91st Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax, on Monday, April 3rd, 1944.
TOTAL ASSETS £129,229,049
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS £121,780,609
MORTGAGE ASSETS £80,831,442
LIQUID ASSETS
In Trustee Securities £40,787,307
Cash at Banks and in hand £6,985,079
RESERVE FUNDS and UNDIVIDED PROFIT £6,381,751
Copy of Balance Sheet may be had on application.
General Manager — F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL, LL.D.
HEAD OFFICES — HALIFAX
LONDON DISTRICT OFFICE—HALIFAX HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2
CITY OFFICE—62, MOORGATE, E.C.2
BIRMINGHAM - - 26-28, COLMORE ROW
BELFAST - 14, DONEGALL SQUARE WEST
CARDIFF - - 124, QUEEN STREET
EDINBURGH - - 75, GEORGE STREET
GLASGOW - 119, ST. VINCENT STREET
LEEDS - - 32, COMMERCIAL STREET
LIVERPOOL - - 37, DALE STREET
MANCHESTER - - 130, DEANSGATE
SHEFFIELD - 49-55, SURREY STREET
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM

Personal

DOCTOR wants country holiday Easter week-end: Offers, suggestions Dr. Briggs, Market Place, Brentford. Mx.

PROFESSIONAL engineer desires accommodation as P.G., with breakfast and evening meal, in Uxbridge, Ruislip, Rickmansworth district, from late March. Away week-ends. Box 4422.

SINGERS wanted, good readers, form madrigal group. Primrose Hill district, under prof. conductor. Box 4434.

HOLIDAY accom. in Students' Hostel during Easter and Summer vacs.: Mar. 21st–Apr. 18th and June 17th–Sept. Mod. charges. Intended those needing rest. Possible take families—state details. Veget. food if desired. Douglas Marcham, The Lodge, North Parade, Aberystwyth. Phone 642.

EXCHANGE. Business lady (Viennese) wants convenient room London, offers spare-time duties as lady-companion, easy household duties or cooking. Box 4344.

FLATS redecorated in cheerful colour schemes. Barry. PRI. 1503.

LADIES' Suits (regulation styles) in Countryside tweeds made to measure, £5. Send 3*d*. for patterns. Redmayne, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

DUTTON One-Week Shorthand. Test lesson, send 3*d*. in stamps. Write Dept. N.S., 92-3, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

BIG Ben Silent Minute. If you are interested send stamp for history and significance of this Observance, from Big Ben Council, 2 Duke St., St. James's, London, S.W.1.

WATCHES wanted, new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave., Manchester, 4.

WANTED. Encyclopaedia Britannica, 14th; Children's, 10 vols.; Chambers' recent. Highest prices paid. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Gerrard 5660.

RADIO valves, batteries, etc., supplied. Many types avlbl. Please send full dtls. Drazin Ltd., 59 Heath St., London, N.W.3.

SMOKERS say with solid reason,
"Tom Long is never out of season."

Personal—continued

GERMAN by Native. Also Fr., It., Russ., Dr. W., 45 Hamilton Gardens, N.W.8.

MOTHER with child urg. wants work, home, in country. Au pair, would pay small sum and give part services, or take paid job. Trained nurse, 28. Gardening, cooking, pref. farm work. Box 4398.

BEVERIDGE on Beveridge. Critics answered. 40 pp. pamph. 1*s*. Edited and published by Social Security League, 51 Tothill St., London, S.W.1.

PIANISTS—VIOLINISTS. Rapid Fingering. Flexible Wrists. Octave Playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk., "Finger Magic" (2½*d*. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 59, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

Readers' Market

FOR SALE: Celfix Roller Type Silver Screen, projecting picture 5′ x 3′—10″, as new. What offers? Corona Portable, case, 2-colour, fine order, specimen sent, £11; Old Saxon 'cello, 15 guineas; Oxford B.A. hood, 5 *gns*.; Portable typewriter, "Compact" Remington, pre-war model, almost new, what offers?

WANTED: Draughtsman's Chest of Drawers, min. inside 36″ x 26″; Great Dane Puppy; old Victorian and Edwardian garments, preferably cotton, good prices; game "Monopoly"; Polish Linguaphone set, state price; two flan tins, urgent, state price; Waterproof Cape, 50/52″ in length, full cut essential, good price for good condition; nailed climbing boots, nines; Webster's Dictionary, state price and publication year; Vols. II and III of Songs by Fauré, good price given; "History of Europe" (N.C.L.C. outline); Books: Modern, Literature, Scientific, state publication date, good prices; bookcase; Portable Typewriter; Music Collector wants Urtext or other authentic editions piano and chamber music classics.

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details. Charge under this heading 1s. 6d. first word, 6d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

y the rich boys who will be poorer—it will be the r boys who will suffer. The suburban boys, like lecturer himself, who in past years were lucky ugh to wander through bookshops in Rye Lane, ham, find Greek and get themselves taught it. was a late developer and since, until I was about teen, whatever little promise did appear was thematical, in these days almost certainly I should e had no Greek and very little Latin." Will any ntist be able, like Hervey, to quote Terence in fining scientific method? Greek makes none re clever, more industrious, improves no man's racter; but it will nourish all who are given chance to enjoy it be they clever and industrious or not. Mr. Sheppard is the most remarkable lecturer in ssics of our time. In his lecture he displays in st characteristic fashion his peculiar powers. e has the subtle gift of discerning an imposing ttern. He has a theme to be sure; but into it e woven extracts from Homer, Hesiod and the plays t enough to make the reader pause and consider. rare divagations he meanders away from the main eam and returns through the meadows to rejoin it, ar water falling over bright stones and flowing rough shady pools in whose slowly revolving currents e is borne away reflecting . . . reflecting as to ether Greek, which every year becomes less and s available in schools and colleges, will finally isappear from the English curriculum. This lecture a reminder that we cannot afford to cast away the easure and goodness of Greek literature. "The uses are immortal, and you cannot scrap them. s Saintsbury said, 'If you try to scrap what is ermanent, it may scrap you'."

Week-end Competitions

No. 738

et by John Lilburne

Since, unfortunately, for centuries there was no New Statesman and Nation, historians are deprived of a valuable source of contemporary comment upon such events as Raleigh's introduction of tobacco into England, the execution of Charles the First, the publication of *Paradise Lost*, the trial of Warren Hastings, and Disraeli's maiden speech. Competitors are invited to submit an editorial comment, a review or a paragraph from Critic's *Diary* concerning one of these (or similar) events. Entries need not be confined to English history or literature but competitors should write in a modern idiom. Limit 200 words. Entries should reach the Editor by Monday, April 3rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 755

Set by Roger Marvell

Last Wednesday was the 500th anniversary of the birth of Botticelli. Competitors are invited to write twenty lines from an imaginary poem by Browning about Botticelli, a companion-piece to his Andrea del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi.

Report by Roger Marvell

The entries almost all caught everything in Browning—except his sudden supreme felicities. Excellent verses were sent by Leslie Johnson, William Bliss, Guy Innes, Patrick Fleming, Sylvia Tatham, T. E. Carson, Constance Sewell, L. A. Redford, Sir Robert Witt, M. A. Brearey and Damon. One entry is outstanding and exquisite; a first prize therefore of two guineas to F. C. C.; second prize of one guinea to E. N.; and consolation prizes of half a guinea to Thomas Bodkin and despite a most un-Browninglike mistake, to Allan M. Laing. (Leonardo was younger than Botticelli and in no sense his master.)

Flowers are in the fields. The last look now !
I, Alessandro Filipepi, take
Farewell in May—earth's anastasis come—
Soon now to know the iron peace of God
After retributory hell-pains passed.
Wise, great Dominican who shewed me, sire,
Who flung the chrysoprase and milky pearls
For God's appeasement on the eating flames,
Say, must my precious soul be licked to naught ?
Nay, hark you, the third day He rose again,
As the doves rise, as lilies in the grass,
As blessèd Venus rose in wistfulness,
Though wantoned with by chub-cheeked Zephyrus
And retinued with nymphs and rose-fed waves
(How, these gnarled, numbing hands long since portrayed),
Unglorying in glory, flower-limbed,
And in her eyes, held, through blown celandine hair,
Prevision of the resurrected soul,
Never the final sorrow of the Greek.
So the Cross triumphs still, Girolamo ! F. C. C.

. . . when the shouting died
Of "Palle ! Palle !" through the Piazza's breadth
While Salviati dangled, feet in air,
"Sandro !" he says (Lorenzo seized my arm)
"You're just my man to paint them as they hang.
"What ? Squeamish ?" and he purses mouth up —thus !
(Who'd blame the boy ? The rogues had stabbed his brother :
But for Politian they'd have killed him too).
Well ! We've both ripened as the years have passed,
Ripened—and gone our ways. His way's not mine.
He with his Plato (there's a rich man's toy !),
I with my Dante. Even that happy year
When I was painting Venus for his villa,
He'd squeeze through the Bottega door and growl
"Grrr ! . . . That languished air ! Greek, d'you say ?
"She's more than half Madonna !" And in pique
I'd slice her shoulder down another inch,
Make her more girlish, twist her golden hair
In finer strands.—I hate those matron-Greeks
That Niccolo the Pisan used to carve.
But there ! These princelings never understand !
E. N.

Not for five hundred scudi would I paint
A subject such as that to your commission !
Have you not seen my Venus in her shell
Floating ashore, my Pallas by the crag
Curbing the Centaur, or the long-legged girl
Stretched, big with child, beside her sleeping Mars ?
My Primavera in the magic wood
Still hangs, where The Magnificent himself
Came, many a time, to see it at Castello.
This Calumny is finer than them all.
Yet, just because it forces folk to look
Under those arches and across that sea,
Into the flames where the great friar died,
Savonarola's murderers will say :
"The Little Tub has lost his human touch."
Come, help me as Poliziano would
And stir my wits with wand of poetry.
Else, let me paint Our Lady and The Child,
Bowered in pomegranate, wheat and vine,
Forboding treason, sacrifice and death.
THOMAS BODKIN

(THE PAINTER ADDRESSES HIS LANDLORD)

You'd turn me out ? Nay, man, have patience yet !
You'll get your money, never fear for that.
The messenger has gone but now to one
Befriends me, will not let me starve. Aye, him,
Lorenzo, no one less. He needs but know
My state. I, Sandro, cribbed within these walls
(Eh, what ? My charcoal scrawls offend your eyes ?
Tush, man, you let your garret to a painter :
These are the thumb-marks of my trade) . . . I say,
This hungry, sapless wretch you came to dun
Once limned for that Lorenzo and his friends
Beauty in paint my master Leonardo
Would not scorn. With these grey wasted hands
I peopled wider walls than these with saints
Holier than life ; aye, murderers, too, more foul
Than their black deeds. Yes, yes, he paid in full ;
But all that gold is gone. (A crust, good landlord,
A glass, a very little glass, of wine !
You'll not ? Ah, well, no matter. Presently
The messenger returns to put all right) . . .
ALLAN M. LAING

To Let and Wanted

EARL'S Court. Unfurn. flat, 4 rooms, self-contained. Phone evenings, FLA 6225.

EXETER Dist. Unf. hse. nded urg. Capener, "Highgrove," CaeraccaVillas, Dowlais, Glam.

FAMILY of three require furnished flat or residence with board in comfortable home or hotel. About 25–30 miles west or north of London. Mrs. P., 15 Maitland Court, W.2.

WANTED to buy or rent unfurn. small country house or cottage. Also furn. rooms or share house. Mother with two young children. Box 4439.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

SHARE of furnished Hampstead Heath flat (two rooms and kitchen), offered in return for housework, cooking evening meal, small rent. Artist or professional woman preferred, English or foreign. Box 4635.

HINDHEAD, Surrey. For restful week-ends and hols., in cultured country home, sunny m., h. & c.w. full/part board offered. Box 4072.

ON leave soon? You like country air at the week-ends ? Tired of your own cooking ? Then bring your husband, wife or friend and spend peaceful holiday at Littlehurst Farm, Stringers Common, Guildford. Tel. Worplesdon 92. Perm. quarters for one young man also.

WANDSWORTH Common (9 mins. Victoria), two divan bed-sitt. rms., kitchen, use bath. Mod. hse. Suit 2 ladies (friends). Box 4536.

PLEASANT dbl.-rm. to let in friendly co-operative household. Breakfast, dinner daily ; lunch week-ends. Cooking excellent. Terms mod. Mai 3092.

MUSICAL, literary person with baby wishes share her house, Sussex. Moderate. Box 4419.

COTTAGE or room urgently required. Country, anywhere, Bucks preferred. Box 4575.

OFFICER'S wife (9 mth. old baby) seeks any accom., Surrey. Part, wholly or unfurn. Share or P.G. Box 4354.

MARRIED couple desire occasional week-ends in congenial surroundings, 35 miles London. Stein, 21 Eastcastle St., W.1.

Accommodations—continued

TUNBRIDGE Wells, or near. Intellectual worker needs bed-sitt. room, board. Gordon Wormald, 38 Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 2610.

STROOD or Rochester. Gentleman urgently wants comfortable board & lodging. Terms fair to both. Box 4426.

BUSINESS lady (studious) requires small unfurn./partly furn. room—cooking facilities. Phone. Convenient for Baker St. Box 4351.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

N. DEVON. Modern farmhouse acc., own produce. Terms 3½ *gns*. weekly. Chugg, Boode Farm, Braunton, N. Devon.

PERFECT peace, Vi-spring beds. Own produce. Mod. conv. 14th C. manor farm. Upper Quinton, Stratford-on-Avon.

SUSSEX, 1½ hrs. Charing Cross. Crowhurst Park Hotel and Country Club. Central heating, country prod. Informal atmos. Rough shooting from 4 *gns*. Batten, Battle 325.

NORTH Wales. Those needing care will find every comfort. 12*s*. dly. Mrs. Roberts, Plasenewydd Private Hotel, Llanbedr., Merion.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surroundings, tranquil atmos. Tennis, Squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Grasmere 82.

WOODY Bay Hotel, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet restful holiday amidst beautiful surroundings. Central heating. H. & C. Own produce. Safe area, no restrictions. Open all yr. Parracombe 64.

EAT any time before 10.30 p.m. at Greek Restaurant (Jupiter's Pillars), 32 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Room for parties. Lunch, Tea, Dinner. Two mins. Holborn or Covent Garden Tube. HOL. 6283. C. Demetriou.

PETROUCHKA, Russian Restaurant, 341 Oxford Street, W.1 (near New Bond Street). May 2297. Russian x English food, Breakfasts, Luncheons, Teas and Dinners. Open daily, except Thursdays, till 10.30 p.m.

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BEDALES School, Petersfield, Hants. A progressive public school for boys and girls from 11–19. Separate junior school, 5–11. Estate 150 acres. Home farm. Headmaster F. A. Meier, M.A. (Camb.).

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WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age ; small classes ; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities ; self-governing community. Apply Miss Lee, M.A.

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RELIABLE advice given (*gratis*) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning Schools for Boys and Girls, 61 Conduit Street, London, W.1 (REGent 2803). Founded 1901.

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ACTIVE middle-aged woman seeks change of employment. N.W. London. Experience receptionist-housekeeper, but any similar work considered. Box 4388.

GIRL (23) leaving Civ. Serv. for W.L.A., wants work mod. farm. Some exp. mlkg., gen. fmg. Much enthusiasm. Box 4379.

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Advt. Rates on page 201.